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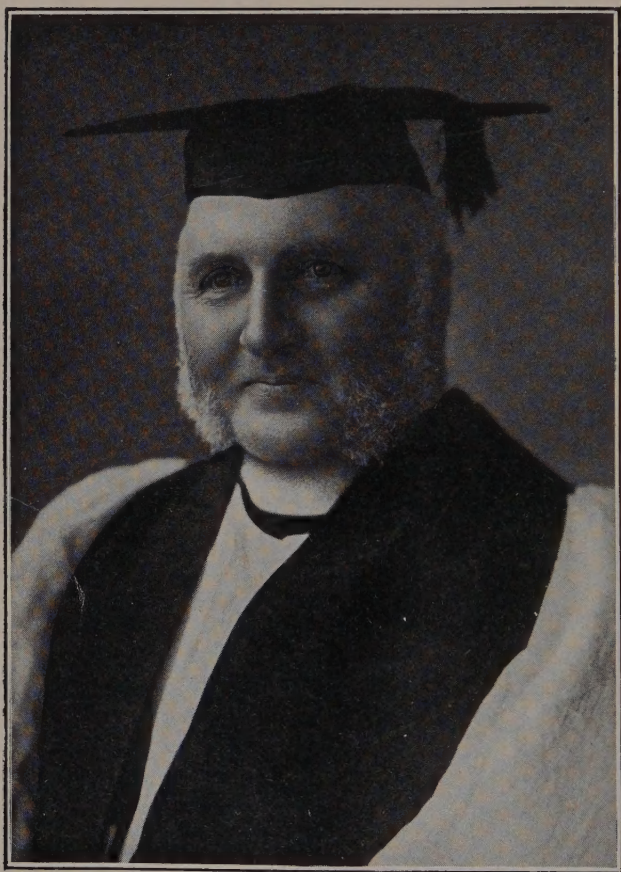
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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
JAMES BENNETT KEENE, D.D.
BISHOP OF MEATH

BY HIS WIFE

WITH A FOREWORD BY
THE MOST REV. C. F. D'ARCY
LORD PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND

MARSHALL BROTHERS, LIMITED
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TO THE GLORY OF GOD,
AND
TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE
DIOCESE OF MEATH,
WHICH FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS HE LOVED SO WELL,
AND SERVED SO FAITHFULLY,
I DEDICATE
THIS "SKETCH" OF THE BISHOP'S LIFE

FOREWORD

IT is with very sincere pleasure that I respond to Mrs. Keene's invitation to write a few words of introduction to her Sketch of the life of my dear friend, James Bennett Keene, some time Bishop of Meath. To have a share in keeping fresh the memory of his goodness must be a satisfaction to anyone who had the privilege of his friendship. It was in my boyhood that I first knew him and was attracted by his delightful kindness and simplicity of heart. In later years when I came to be associated with him in work and counsel and, as a younger man, looked to him for help and guidance, I learned to appreciate more fully the depth of his character and the width of his scholarship. Only those who had the happiness of really intimate friendship with Bishop Keene could form any idea of the fulness and variety of knowledge and of thought which were hidden behind the genial but shy kindness with which he met all sorts and conditions of people. As a thinker he had the rare gift of putting himself with complete sympathy into the place of others. He could "hear the other side" with unfailing patience. He saw so many aspects of every question that, in discussion, it was sometimes difficult, at first, to know where he stood. This it was which made talk with him on the deeper things always so valuable. It was mental discipline of a high order. And withal he possessed a sense of humour and a store of anecdote which made him a charming companion. Yet there was never anything in his irony which left a sting, or in his humour, which was not kindly and good. For deepest of all in him was a Christian faith which penetrated and pervaded all his being.

CHARLES F. ARMAGH.

PREFACE

WHEN it was first suggested to me last year, by one of the Bishop's oldest friends, that I should prepare some record of my husband's life, and collect a few of his Addresses, I refused, feeling that I was quite unequal to such a work, and that to attempt it was impossible. But the thought took root, and in my quiet, lonely days, last winter, the idea grew and took shape, and I began, at first for my own comfort, to write down all he had told me of his early years. Still, there was the feeling, he would not care for it to appear in print, for, as the Bishop of Clogher wrote to me, "One of the chief features of his noble, Christian character was his desire that he himself should be kept in the background." This was indeed true; "Not I, but Christ," was the dominant note of his whole life. Yet, as the work grew, and the interest of it deepened, I realized that if any life could be uplifted and helped to live nearer to God, by the record of what God had been to him, he would not now wish it to be withheld.

And in this belief the late beloved Primate greatly encouraged me, when he wrote to promise me his help (a promise, alas! he did not live to fulfil).

He writes: "I am rejoiced that you are writing a Memorial of the ever-beloved Bishop . . . and I believe that what you say will be a very real help to many, in inspiring higher ideals of life and duty."

So I wrote on, with this desire before me, and I have been

able to gather records of his earlier years, from kind friends, who had known him in those former days ; so that my grateful thanks are due to Sir Ralph Benson, I.C.S., and to the Bishop of Clogher for their very valuable " Recollections " ; also, to the present Primate of All Ireland, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Dean of Clonmacnoise, the Archdeacon of Meath, Canon Jennings, Canon Rountree, the Reverend E. Goff, the Reverend L. Coulter, Colonel Pepper, Canon G. S. Streatfeild, and others, without whose kind contributions and suggestions this " Sketch " could hardly have been written.

I regret that I have been unable to procure from friends any letters on general subjects ; but I have given " Extracts " from more personal letters, as they show a little of the Bishop's mind and thoughts on subjects that deeply interested him ; and reveal *something* of the real man, which his great reserve often hid from the outer world, sometimes even from those he knew well.

In Part II will be found, by request, " Extracts " from a few of the Bishop's Sermons and Addresses.

In sending forth this " Sketch " of my dear husband's life (and it can only be a " Sketch " from my pen), I realize how inadequate it is to represent the character of the man, whose life was lived for God, and was spent in His service. But it is a loving tribute to his dear memory and is written for those who knew and loved him, chiefly those in his own Diocese ; I know they will welcome a Memorial, however imperfect, of their beloved Bishop, and I thank God for allowing me the privilege of undertaking it.

I have sought, in these pages, to show how his whole life was guided and inspired by the Spirit of God, and I shall have grievously failed, in this my labour of love, if those who read this " Sketch " are not led to glorify God, and to own that it was His power and grace that made James Bennett Keene the man he was.

It may be that, could he now speak to us from his Home above, he would like *best* to be remembered, in the words of

Scripture, as, " James, a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ," and his words would be :

O Magnify, O Magnify,
Thy Blessed Name, my Saviour ;
Lift high the banner of Thy Cross,
And in its folds, *conceal*
Thy Standard Bearer.

May God own and bless this simple record of His faithful servant, so that " he being dead, may yet speak."

H. S. B. K.

ST. MARK'S VICARAGE,
LEAMINGTON SPA,
June, 1920.

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PART I

A QUOTATION

“ To dwell hardly by the heart of God ; to act the part of a brother of the Lord ; to answer the needs of our fellows humbly ; and to radiate the light of Heaven generously ; to deal with all men honourably, to live well, think truly, act nobly, pray intensely, and grow strong upon the hidden manna, gathered from events where God has stored them.”

Such was the life of the Man we mourn.

CHAPTER I

Early Years—School-days—Recollections by Sir R. Benson, I.C.S., and Dr. Benson—1849-1867.

JAMES BENNETT KEENE was born in Dublin on October 25, 1849. He was the youngest of the ten children of Arthur Bennett Keene, M.A., and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Charles Haines, Esq., of Mallow, in the County of Cork.

The Keene family had originally come from the North of England ; but there is a deed still extant, dated April 9, 1775, which shows that a certain Arthur Keene, in that year, came over, and settled in Dublin. There is no doubt that he was an ancestor of the subject of the present "Sketch."

James's father was a man of very high character, with a strong sense of humour and fun, which never failed, even during his last long illness. He was a good linguist, an accomplished musician, playing more than one instrument, and a man of cultured and literary tastes, much beloved by his family for his sweetness of temper and cheerful disposition.

Margaret Haines, his wife, was born in 1809, and married to Arthur Bennett Keene in 1834. She must have been a beautiful girl, as a miniature, taken before her marriage, proves. The face is oval, with good features, large, soft hazel eyes, and dark lashes, and masses of dark hair, piled high on her well-shaped head, in the way our grandmothers used to wear it. They must have been a handsome couple, for a miniature of Arthur Keene, as a young man, shows him to have been very good-looking. Margaret's beauty of face was a true indication of her character, which was gentle, loving, and very reserved.

Both parents were deeply religious, and the home was one where God was ever honoured, and put first in everything. Mrs. Keene loved to gather her children round her on Sunday afternoon, and tell them Bible stories; and James, in after years, often spoke of those happy hours, when he and his brother Charlie (two and a half years older) would love to listen to his mother's words, as she taught them week by week from the Bible. Writing to a friend some years later, he refers to these times thus: "I remember how my mother made me love the story about Joseph, and all the other charming stories, made for children as they are. I am glad to think that dear G. is drinking them in from your lips—you will pass on to him just the associations which they have always had for us."

At the same time, their mother's religion was not of so joyous a character as their father's. She had a deep sense of her own unworthiness, and one of her daughters remembers how occasionally her mother would weep in church; thinking it must be the right thing to do, if mother did it, the child would try and shed a few tears, but, in her case, without success!

James, or "Jimmie," as he was called in the family, was baptized in their Parish Church of Rathmines, Dublin, on November 14, 1849. It seems to have been the occasion of a family gathering, for at the font, Charlie, aged two and a half years, was heard to say in a loud voice, "We are all here."

The family consisted of seven daughters and three sons, but three of the girls died young, two as infants. It seems to have been a very happy home life, where parents and children were much united.

Yet, at the time of James's birth, the fortunes of the family were at their lowest, as the bank of which his father was a director had lately failed, during the great famine year of the early forties, and as Mr. Keene determined to pay the creditors in full, the strictest economy had to be practised in the family for many years. Before Mr. Keene died, in 1863,

he had the comfort of knowing that this noble purpose was accomplished. But the little boy remembers well how careful they had to be, and that no luxuries were ever allowed. A saying of his mother's on the subject is well remembered by her children: "We have travelling expenses, and that is sufficient, so let us be thankful."

It may be that this self-denying life in his boyhood helped to form the marked unselfishness of his character in after life. As a proof of the high opinion entertained for Mr. Keene, the following incident may be given:

Some years afterwards, the two brothers, Charlie and Jimmie, went into a shop in Dublin, to purchase something. The purchase made, they found they had not quite enough money to pay for it. The shopman, not knowing the young men, hesitated as to their taking the article away. A gentleman who happened to be in the shop, saw the difficulty, and coming forward said, "These lads are the sons of Arthur Bennett Keene." "That is enough," said the shopman, "I would trust any son of Arthur Keene's."

Jimmie seems always to have been a quiet, shy, thoughtful boy, more fond of books than of people. Indeed, he rather shunned society, and all his life disliked publicity of any sort. To a friend, late in life, he wrote: "As a boy, those princes who wore invisible caps, in the fairy stories, were always my greatest objects of envy—'mine be a cot beside the hill' has been rather too much my standard of taste."

He was very fond of walking, and he and his brother Charlie would spend hours roaming over the Dublin mountains, which, to the end of his life, he loved so well. As boys and young men, they learned to know every crag and rock and boulder on the hillside. On one occasion, the two boys started off with a boy friend for one of these long walks, but, boy-like, they forgot the time as they climbed and explored, and late in the evening found themselves near the Sugar Loaf Mountain, many miles from home. A consultation took place; what was to be done? The Keene

boys had no money ; the friend had a very little, but they must find some place to spend the night in. After some trouble a cottage was found where they were allowed to take shelter ; a piece of paper and a stamp was procured, and Jimmie was deputed to write a letter to his mother, explaining the situation. Then they lay down and slept soundly. Next morning they were in no hurry to turn their steps homeward. Having posted the letter, and so allayed, as they thought, all anxiety at home, they determined to have another day of it, and to explore further afield on those distant mountains. Late on the second evening, three very tired and hungry little boys arrived at home, to find the whole family in great anxiety and preparing to send out a search party to look for them. Jimmie's letter had never arrived !

The family attended St. Matthias' Church in Dublin, and greatly valued the ministry and friendship of the good men who were Rectors there. First, of Maurice Day, afterwards Bishop of Cashel ; and then of Achilles Daunt, afterwards Dean of Cork. To both these good men, the Keenes were much attached, and their teaching seems to have had a great influence on the young people. Both Rectors became dear personal friends of the family. Years later, Jimmie began his ministry under Achilles Daunt, and to the end of his life he thanked God for the inspiring life and teaching of his only Rector.

Preaching at St. Matthias' Church only five months before his death, on St. Matthias' Day, the Bishop spoke touchingly of this. A few sentences from his sermon may be given. His text was Matthew xi. 28 and 29, and towards the end of his sermon he said : " I have been reminded that you call this Sunday your ' birthday ' Sunday, for the reason that it was on St. Matthias' Day that the foundation-stone of this church was laid. In thinking of what text I should choose as the subject of my address to you to-day, I turned to the Gospel for St. Matthias' Day, and found there the text I have chosen. I thought it enshrined

the central idea that has ever characterized the teaching given from this pulpit during the last seventy-five years. This is the church which I attended as a child, and I can testify that the uplifting of Him, who gave this precious invitation to a weary, sin-sick world, was ever the dominant theme of those who ministered within these walls. Their motto was : ' We preach *not ourselves*, but Christ Jesus, the Lord.' The records of God's Book of Remembrance alone will reveal the number of those who first, within these walls, were led to come to Christ, and find fresh inspiration for their life, in taking His yoke upon them and learning of Him. I can see now the very spot I occupied in this church in the days of my boyhood, and vividly remember words spoken from this place, which left a lasting impression on my mind, and for which I still thank God. I ask you to maintain the sacred tradition of this House of God, where so many souls learned to experience the happiness of God's service, and in coming to Christ, found rest for their souls."

Canon Rountree, of Stretford, Manchester, has kindly sent the following " Recollections " of these early days of Jim's boyhood :

" My recollection goes back a long way in the life of Bishop Keene, even to the early days of his boyhood and youth. Indeed, it was with those periods that I was most familiar. But although in later years I did not see much of him and only came in contact with him at considerable intervals, for our paths lay much apart—there was sufficient in my observation of him to prove that ' the boy was father to the man.'

" The incidents that stand out conspicuously in boyhood and youth are usually not many, and consequently, under this head, it is only natural that I should not have much to say ; but in the personality of J. B. Keene, there were certain characteristics which impressed me much in those early days, and which still linger on in my memory with a wonderful tenacity. His gentleness and humility were most marked and imparted a certain diffidence of manner which

was unwarranted by his tried and known ability. And these qualities remained with him in the days when he had attained to positions of dignity and importance, giving a unique charm to his whole bearing. His manner was always kindly and genial. And, moreover, he had a cheerfulness and sense of humour which could not but make him popular amongst all those into whose society he was thrown. But the dominating note of his character was his piety. This was the root-principle of what he was and of what he did. He was industrious, he was conscientious, because he evidently kept God always before him. We were members of the congregation of St. Matthias' Church, Dublin, of which the incumbent was Rev. Maurice F. Day, subsequently Bishop of Cashel, the first popularly elected Bishop in the Disestablished Church of Ireland. And I can well remember J. B. Keene's regularity and reverence as of one who lived in the constant realization of God's presence, and of his own accountability ; and I have little doubt that in all this he was helped by the saintly example and influence of Mr. Day.

"From what little knowledge I had of his later years, I believe that they were but the ripening of his early promise, the moulding of his character in the school of religion, under the sanctifying influence of God's Holy Spirit. He was never one who was fond of hearing himself talk ; but when he did speak, he spoke effectively, giving simple expression to his own deeply taught and devout conviction."

When between eleven and twelve years old, Jimmie had a bad attack of scarlet fever, in consequence of which, by the doctor's orders, he was not allowed to go to school for a whole year. He used to relate, in after life, that he never began his education or went to school regularly till he was twelve years old, though he taught himself a good deal at home, and with his good memory never forgot what he read.

A boys' school, destined to become famous on account

of the many distinguished men it sent forth, had lately been founded by the Rev. C. W. Benson, LL.D., D.D., at Rathmines, in Dublin. Jimmie, who had met Dr. Benson, and been much impressed by his personality, begged to go to this school, and was allowed to do so. The school became known for its high moral character, good education, and for the personal interest taken in each boy by the head master. Jimmie began his school life there, in September, 1863, when he was nearly fourteen years old.

Dr. Benson certainly won the love and deep respect of all his boys, many of whom afterwards had distinguished careers in different parts of the world. To the end of his life he spoke gratefully of his school-days, and of Dr. Benson, for whom he always entertained a high regard. A letter most kindly written to me by Sir Ralph Benson, I.C.S., in answer to my request for an account of Jimmie's school-days from his pen, is given in full.

“ ROEBUCK GROVE,

“ DUBLIN,

“ *February, 1920.*

“ MY DEAR MRS. BENNETT KEENE,—

“ You ask me if I can tell you something of the school-days of my dear old school-fellow and friend, the late Bishop of Meath. I gladly do so. I may begin by recalling that only a few months before his death I heard him tell the children at a Female Orphan School at Phisborough that he was, he supposed, a unique instance of a boy that selected his own school. It seems that the late Rev. Charles William Benson, LL.D., D.D., who had only lately founded Rathmines School, happened to visit the Sunday School where young James Bennett Keene was then a pupil,¹ and his wonderful mesmeric personality so won the boy's heart that he insisted on being allowed to join the Rathmines School. That was in the early sixties of the last century,

¹ In past days in Ireland, the children of all classes attended Sunday Schools.

and it was the beginning of a mutual admiration and affectionate esteem which lasted throughout their whole lives, and only deepened as time went on. The Doctor had not only an extraordinary influence over the hearts of his boys, but he had, in a quite unusual degree, the power of making them fond of work, and of interesting them, especially in those subjects which he himself taught. He taught almost every subject in turn, and he thus excited the interest of the more studious boys in every branch of their school work. I have no doubt that this system of teaching powerfully stimulated the natural versatility of the late Bishop, who even as a schoolboy was equally at home in Classics and Mathematics, in Divinity and in English Literature, in History and Geography, to say nothing of a trifling 'extra' like Hebrew.

"The late Bishop was about two years senior to me in school, but my brother, Mr. George Vere Benson, Coroner of East Sussex, was in his class, and he has written to me his recollections of our friend when at school, which so exactly correspond with my own, that I cannot do better than quote from his letter. 'I cannot recall any particular incidents in his school life, but I have strong general impressions in regard to him at that time. He was a model pupil, always well prepared with his work, always on the side of law and order, always conscientious, but without a trace of priggishness, always cheery and good-humoured, and patiently ready to help a less gifted fellow-pupil over the difficulties of a quadratic equation or an irregular Greek verb, always taking a high, if not the highest place in the ever-recurring monthly examinations, which were a feature of Rathmines School; but never exciting the hostility of less fortunate class-mates. I can remember that he often explained things to me that I was not quick in grasping. He was not perhaps so brilliant in conversation as some of the boys, but he more than made up for that by his more exact knowledge, and by respect for truth without ornamentation.'"

Sir Ralph continues—

“ Another of his old class fellows, Anthony Allen Cordner, who in his time was captain of the school, writes to me : “ Although James Bennett Keene was in my class, and we were great friends, both in and out of school, I cannot remember any special incidents in his career. But I remember his marvellous faculty for assimilating knowledge ; a new subject never seemed to worry him in the least. He mastered it with consummate ease and apparently without effort. We all loved him. He was so thoroughly sound and kind-hearted, always ready and eager to help others.

“ ‘ There was one very uncommon phase of James Keene’s intellect which always aroused in me, as his class-mate, a sense of good-humoured annoyance. Personally, I hated Mathematics, and all things pertaining thereto. But in Keene’s case he absorbed and assimilated, with equal appetite Hebrew, Homer, Conics and Latin Verse. It is a very rare thing to find a boy with equal taste for Mathematics and Languages ; but James Keene was one of these exceptional cases ; and he digested, with equal gusto, Sanscrit or Surd Roots, and through it all he smiled, always smiled ! It was certainly most annoying to his class-mates.

“ ‘ He did not take much part in the school games, cricket and football ; but he was interested in them and sympathized with our defeats and successes.

“ ‘ You remember the plebiscite for the school medal of merit. It usually, as in all schools, fell to the lot of the most popular athletic boy, but when James Bennett Keene’s name was proposed, the whole school selected him instinctively, as a true type of what a schoolboy ought to be. If I may recall an old Homeric phrase, he was a representative of the “ Blameless Ethiopians.”

“ ‘ Next to his extraordinary versatility I think the mental quality that struck me most in the Bishop was his wonderful power of concentration. A school friend who knew him intimately in his own home, tells me that he remembers spending many evenings with his family, and while the

other boys and girls played games "J. B. was working away, oblivious of us all. He was always the student."

"Another writes: 'I remember him with a happy, boyish, pleasant face. He was always the good and diligent boy of the school, and seemed cut out for a successful College career, with a call to the Church, sure to end in a Bishopric!'"

Sir Ralph Benson continues: "It is indeed true that at school he showed all those splendid qualities of head and heart which all through his after life endeared him to an ever-widening circle of friends and admirers. I remember him when he was the biggest boy in the school, but he was also the gentlest: he was the most intellectual, but also the humblest. He was pure in thought and word and deed. He was wholly unselfish, and ever ready to help lame dogs over stiles. He was in the truest sense benevolent; he wished us all well, and we loved him for it. His smile, even then, was, as I have heard it described in later life, 'A perpetual benediction.' Truly the boy was father to the man.

"But though the late Bishop is remembered by his school fellows mainly as a studious boy, devoted to his books, yet there was always in him an undercurrent of that kindly humour, and great enjoyment of a joke, which grew as time went on, and which in later life, expanded until it became so marked and so attractive a feature of his conversation with his intimate friends."

In a letter written by his head master, the late Dr. Benson, in 1915, he speaks thus of Jim's school-days:

"... James Bennett Keene was a lad absolutely faultless, as regards scholastic affairs. I do not say that he had no faults, for even the sun has spots, but I never discovered them, nor probably have you. He and his brother Charles (who also was a distinguished scholar), as two of the seven 'wise men of Greece,' are now before me as I write.

"As to James's Collegiate distinctions, they have seldom

been equalled, but I cannot dwell on them in pity to the ink-bottle !

" I have often said to friends, when in difficulty about some obscure question or subject, ' ask James Keene ; ' and later—' ask the Bishop of Meath '—and he never failed to give an oracular response. . . . "

" And yesterday you remember, the encyclopædic account he gave of the migration of the ' Black Pig's Race ' (of ancient Irish days) little known to most of us. I was acquainted with his saintly mother (his father was no longer with us), and she often spoke to me of her children. I well remember what she said on one occasion, ' As one by one, they give their hearts to God, I feel no further anxiety about them, *they are provided for.*' "

" And now in a few words, to give what I believe is a true estimate of your dear husband, ' An Israelite indeed,' and ' a faithful servant of his Divine Master.' "

The following letter which the Bishop wrote to me *fifty-six years later*, may be a fitting sequel to those beautiful records of the boy's school-days.

The Bishop was preaching at Balbriggan, where Dr. Benson was then Rector, and where he remained till his death in 1919.

He writes : " A nice congregation and a hearty service ; the collection for C.M.S. was good, the best they have had. Dr. Benson showed me a number of photographs of his old boys ; also the volume, with the signatures of those who contributed to the testimonial we gave him when he gave up the school : we presented him with a thousand guineas ; ¹ my signature stands at the head. He had many interesting tales to tell about his pupils. He is eighty-one years of age, and can walk ten miles and more with ease ! A good example for your husband."

While at school, when just fourteen, Jim had the great

¹ Of this thousand guineas, Dr. Benson's widow says, " the Bishop contributed one hundred pounds as his offering towards it."

sorrow of losing his father, who had, for some time, been ill with paralysis. To the end his cheerfulness never left him, and he died rejoicing in the Saviour he had so faithfully served. He died on Jim's birthday, October 25, 1863; and his death left a great blank in the happy family circle. He had the joy, before his death, to know of the ordination of his eldest son Martin, who was ordained to a curacy in Dublin, in July of the same year. Martin was much beloved by the whole family for his fine unselfish character; his mother used to say of him, that "he was everything that her heart desired"—and his younger brothers thought the world of him. Later, he became curate of Harold's Cross, until his early and lamented death in 1868.

CHAPTER II

Parent's Death—Martin—College Days—1867-1872.

IN 1867, James left Dr. Benson's school and entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he soon began to distinguish himself. His brother Charles was already an undergraduate there.

It was about this time that he became more in earnest about Divine things. Partly influenced by a cousin, who had long talks with him, and partly, no doubt, as the result of his early training and the prayers of his parents, he yielded his heart fully to God and determined to dedicate his life to His service. Henceforth, through his whole career, one great purpose dominated his life—to become a minister of Christ, and to seek by life and word to glorify God. His whole future life proved the reality of this decision, and though never a great talker, being by nature reserved and silent about matters on which he felt most deeply, his devoted life and character spoke to all of his consecration to God's service.

It may be that the great sorrows he passed through during the following year helped to confirm him in the faith: for on January 17, 1868, a few months after he entered College, his mother passed away after a short illness, to the great sorrow of all her children, by whom she was much beloved. She was a woman of saintly character, though, like James, reserved about her deepest feelings. Martin, once writing to his sister Josephine, said: "We shall all thank God, through eternity, for having had such a mother." One who knew her well says that she would spend much time in prayer for her children, especially for her three boys,

that they might always be good and pure men. How truly these prayers were answered, those who knew the lives of the three brothers can testify.

But another and a heavier trial was in store for the Keene family. In September of the same year, 1868, the eldest brother, Martin, curate at Harold's Cross, a man of great promise, was drowned while bathing. He went one Monday morning, as he often did, after the Sunday work to Bray for a bathe and walk; and it is thought that while bathing he must have been seized with cramp, for later in the day his body was washed on shore off the coast of Bray. This was a terrible grief to his family, for his unselfish character and devoted life had endeared him to all who knew him, and a useful career seemed to be before him. He had a large circle of friends. One of them writes: "My brothers and sisters became intimate friends of the young curate till his premature death in 1868. Few men in those days have left a more indelible memory of remarkable ability, beauty of character, and ministerial devotion."

Several of his sermons had already been printed, though he was only twenty-eight at the time of his death.

Not only was their brother Martin's death a great and lasting sorrow to his family, it was also a real financial loss; for their means were small, and Martin, for some years, had greatly helped to keep the home together for his mother and sisters.

Now the two younger brothers, Charlie, then twenty-one, and James nineteen (the latter having only just begun his College career) felt that they must manage to keep the home for their three sisters, and nobly they did this, as long as it was needed, and until the last sister married in 1878.

All through James's brilliant College career he was earning money to keep the home together by Scholarships and prize money, and by teaching in all his spare time. One of his pupils lived at Dundrum, and he had to walk out there three times a week. He could never afford himself a tutor

to "coach" him for any of his examinations, as he would much like to have done. Yet, he seems to have done pretty well without such help!

Even at this early age he was very observant of Sunday, never allowing himself even to prepare for an examination on that day, however busy he was. On one occasion this cost him dearly. He had been in for examination till late on Saturday, and had another, on quite a different subject, beginning on Monday morning. He knew the subject well, but he needed to look up some minor points. But Sunday came between, and he went to the examination without doing so, and in consequence came out second. His rival had not been in for the previous examination. A large sum of money was attached to the winning of that particular prize. He told me I was the only person to whom he had ever mentioned this, but as it shows the conscientiousness of the young man at any cost, I venture to record it.

Shortly after Martin's death, his sister Josephine decided to carry out a long-cherished desire to go out to India as a Zenana Missionary. While Martin lived she had never felt able to leave him, but now, with three sisters at home, she no longer felt needed, and so offered herself to the C.E.Z.M.S. and was accepted. There was a good deal of opposition from friends and from her family, for it was, in those days, a somewhat unusual thing for a young woman to go out to the Foreign field alone; but feeling that the call was from God, Josephine, in her gentle way, overcame the opposition, and after a short time, spent in preparation, she started for India, James accompanying her to London and seeing her off on her long voyage. After some years of Missionary work she married the Rev. S. Slater, D.D., Principal of Bishop Cotton's College, at Simla, and is still living. Dr. Slater died in 1905.

All the time the two brothers were at College and for some years afterwards, while they remained in Dublin, they lived at home with their sisters. James, with his wonderful power of concentration, prepared all his work for his examinations

in the family circle, occasionally even joining in the conversation, while Charlie preferred the quiet of a room at the top of the house for his reading. During the last part of his College life James was Chairman of the Union for Prayer, conducted at that time by the undergraduates themselves.

The Bishop of Killaloe has very kindly written the following recollections of these *College days* :

" There were two points which specially impressed those who were brought in contact with Bishop Keene during his College days. There was, in the first place, the exceptional versatility of his talents. He was pre-eminently a mathematician. But he was also a First Honourman in Classics, and he was a Senior Moderator in Logic and Ethics. He won the highest prizes in Science, but it seemed as if he would have been equally brilliant in Classics and in Philosophy, if he had equally devoted himself to those branches of study. He had a marvellous faculty for assimilating knowledge of every kind. This faculty remained with him all through his life. Archbishop Peacocke knew him intimately, and he said of him that there was no subject that could be mentioned in conversation upon which he was unable to give valuable and up-to-date information. A few years after his ordination he obtained an extra Prize at the examination for Theological exhibition. It was the testimony of the Rev. A. I. MacDonogh, with whom he read in preparing for this examination, that Mr. Keene could take in during a month of study as much as other men learned in six months.

" The second point that impressed his friends during his College years was the simplicity and the humility of his character. And although as he went through College he won such brilliant successes, the most captious critic could find in him no trace of vanity or self-conceit. He was then, and he remained throughout his life, wholly unconscious of his pre-eminent gifts. Those who can remember him as a very young man were then struck by the remarkable manner in which the expression of his face reflected the purity of his character. And those who knew him also as the years

went by felt this as the fact that most impressed them in their contact with him."

The late beloved Primate (Archbishop Crozier) most kindly promised to write for this "Sketch," an account of James's College days, as they went through their College course together, and were great friends, often called the "two J.B.'s." Alas! the Primate's most sad illness and death have prevented his fulfilling this promise. But his letter, with its kind wish to help, must be given here.

"THE PALACE,

"ARMAGH,

"January 17, 1920.

"MY DEAR MRS. KEENE,—

"I am *rejoiced* that you are writing a memorial of the ever-beloved Bishop; and it will be a very real joy to me to send you a few pages of my recollections of him from our College days; just now I am up to my eyes in work, but I hope for a little more leisure later on, and at any rate February, this year, has twenty-nine days!

"I do believe that you will find ever-increasing happiness in writing your "Sketch," and that what you say will be a very real help to many in inspiring higher ideals of life and duty.

"I am, Yours affectionately,

"JOHN B. ARMAGH."

I gratefully now record the interest and sympathy with which he regarded this work, but I deeply grieve not to have the valuable help from his pen, to which I had looked forward. His death is a sorrow and loss to the whole Church.

I am, however, glad to be able to give some account of those days, and others that followed, from another dear and much valued friend, the Bishop of Clogher, who has most kindly, at my request, written the following account of his friend of forty years. I give it in full.

"The commencement of an acquaintance, which was soon to ripen into an intimate friendship, to last until temporarily

severed by the hand of death, between the writer and James Bennett Keene, occurred during the time that I was curate at St. Matthias', Dublin. The incumbent of the church, at that time, was the saintly Rev. Achilles Daunt, whose influence for God and for good, at that time, was exercised and felt, not only in St. Matthias', and Dublin, but largely throughout Ireland. Nearly all strangers who were members of the Church of Ireland, and indeed many others, who from time to time visited Dublin, found themselves under the spell of his wonderful spiritual power, as he preached with intense earnestness and pleading eloquence, the Gospel of the Grace of God, as manifested in Christ Jesus, the Redeemer of the World.

"During his College course James Bennett Keene, with his elder brother Charles and his sisters, resided in Ranelagh, a suburb of Dublin. They were regular attendants in St. Matthias' Church, and very soon James and I became close friends, I being six years his senior.

"His undergraduate's course in Trinity College was marked by many distinctions, though in his great humility and reluctance to refer to his own attainments, the outside world, to the end of his life, knew comparatively little of them; I may, therefore, be allowed a little space to refer briefly to some of these, as he, himself, is no longer with us to check my testimony to his worth.

"He was First Honourman and Prizeman in Classics, 1867.

"First of the First Honourmen in Science, 1867, 1868, 1869.

"Primate's Hebrew Prizeman (First) 1868-1869.

"Mathematical Scholar and Lloyd Exhibitioner, 1870.

"Senior Moderator and Gold Medallist in Mathematics and in Logic and Ethics, in 1871—in which year he took his B.A. degree.

"He then entered the Divinity School, in which he earned the Wall Biblical Scholarship for Hebrew, Syriac and Chaldee, and obtained first-class Divinity Testimonium in 1872.

"Nor did his honours in his University cease after his undergraduate curriculum terminated, for he still carried

on his studies in his favourite pursuit of mathematics, and in 1872 he carried off Bishop Law's and the McCullagh Prizes, the two most-sought-after rewards for competition in that science. At the same time, he devoted his studies to the subject of theology, to which he purposed to devote his life work.

"In 1874, after his ordination, he succeeded in winning the Elrington Theological Prize for the best Theological Essay for graduates of less than three years' standing. At the examination for the Theological exhibitions (the blue ribbon of the Divinity School), he received an Extra Prize as *proxime accessit*.

"We can gather from this brief summary of his distinguished career in our venerable University of Dublin, that he was endowed with no ordinary gifts of intellect, which he developed by quiet, unobtrusive study: yet the results of which, while to be found in the records of the College Calendar, were as far as he himself was concerned, unproclaimed, even to many of his best friends and relatives. Indeed, I have heard it stated that had he read for a Fellowship, he might easily have obtained that coveted honour. His honours in T.C.D. help to show the wide extension of his knowledge, as he proved himself an authority not only in Mathematics in its various branches, but in Logic, Ethics, Theology and especially Hebrew. In fact, as I often told him, he was a living up-to-date Encyclopædia."

CHAPTER III

Ordination—Early Ministry—St. Matthias'—Dean Daunt—
1872-1879.

THE Bishop of Clogher continues :

“ James Bennett Keene was ordained Deacon in 1872 under the following interesting circumstances, which had altogether escaped my memory, but which he related to me more than once in recent years, and which formed another and a closer link in the chain which united us in our intimate friendship.

“ After graduating in Trinity College, he accepted the post of Assistant Master in Armagh Royal School, of which the Rev. William Moore Morgan had just been appointed Head Master.

“ Soon after, in the early part of 1872, Mr. Achilles Daunt decided that, owing to the increasing responsibilities connected with the work in St. Matthias' Church, it was desirable to appoint a second curate, and was good enough to consult me as to who should be nominated as my fellow-curate. I at once suggested that he should offer the position to my friend James Keene, which he readily did. In reply, however, James Keene wrote to say he had but recently come to Armagh, and that, moreover, he had not studied the course for the Archbishop's Examination, and that he felt the importance of the curacy of St. Matthias' was so great that he shrank from incurring the responsibility—all this is another indication of his deep humility and the sense of his own unworthiness. However, I then undertook the responsibility of writing to urge him not to

shrink from such an opportunity as this which now, in the Providence of God, opened before him, and the result was that he accepted Mr. Daunt's offer and came up to Dublin ; and without any further reading, passed the Archbishop's examination, coming out first in the list, and was appointed the Reader of the Gospel at his ordination for Deacons' Orders.

" The privilege of having him as my fellow-curate was not, however, to be prolonged, as I was in 1873 nominated to my first incumbency of Greystones."

I interrupt for a moment the Bishop of Clogher's interesting account, to say that James Bennett Keene was for two years curate at St. Matthias' Church in Dublin (1872-1874) with Achilles Daunt, then Rector there, afterwards Dean of Cork. He always said they were valuable years to him in which he learnt much, for no one could be in daily contact with Mr. Daunt without being drawn closer to God. He seems to have been a very " apostle of love." Mr. Keene usually went, late in the evening, once or twice a week, to talk over the work of the parish with his Rector, and sometimes their talk would continue till nearly midnight, when the Rector would say, " Now come out for a turn," and with all around them asleep, these two men of God would walk and talk for another hour, discoursing on many subjects, interesting to them both. This may have strengthened what became Mr. Keene's constant practice of sitting up late at night, often writing till one or two in the morning. The friendship between Rector and curate was very strong, and continued till the death of Dean Daunt. Doubtless that friendship has now been renewed beyond the Veil.

In 1874, Bishop Butcher of Meath offered Mr. Keene the appointment of Diocesan Curate of Meath, and he left St. Matthias' to take up his new duties. This post he held for three years, from 1874 to 1877.

In 1877, James Keene returned for a time to Dublin, as Secretary and Chaplain to the Church of Ireland Young

Men's Christian Association, whose headquarters were in Dawson Street. The work he now entered upon was not altogether congenial to his retiring and gentle nature, yet in after years he looked back on those two years with thankfulness, as from time to time he met in shops and places of business, men who had attended his Bible Classes at the Y.M.C.A., and who had never lost their regard for him, or their gratitude for his helpful teaching.

CHAPTER IV

Life at Navan—Recollections by the Dean, the Archdeacon, Rev. E. Goff and Canon Jennings—Canonry of St. Patrick's Cathedral—1879-1897.

THE Bishop of Clogher continues his Recollections: “James Bennett Keene resigned the post of Secretary and Chaplain to the Y.M.C.A. on his appointment as Rector of Navan, in Meath, in 1879. Henceforth the Diocese of Meath was to be the scene of his unwearied and faithful ministry; first, as Incumbent, and finally, as Bishop.

“Naturally, my personal intercourse with him became henceforth of a less intimate character; nevertheless, I look back with happy memories on visits I paid to him while he was Rector of Navan, from 1879 to 1897—and one could not help noticing the happy, unrestrained intercourse between him and the other clergy of the Diocese. His house was, indeed, open to all of them, where with a hearty welcome he entertained anyone passing through Navan, the busiest centre of industry probably in the Diocese. We do not wonder, indeed, that when the Bishopric became vacant on the translation of Lord Plunket to the Archbishopric of Dublin, the great bulk of the clergy sought to elect him as their Bishop; and when, two years later, Bishop Peacocke was likewise transferred to Dublin, the clergy again intimated their desire by no uncertain vote. His name, with that of another, was sent up to the Bench of Bishops, and he was nominated by them to the highest office in the Church of God, that of a Bishop.

“In the Diocese of Meath, he was greatly beloved and

respected by the clergy and laity, as their Chief Pastor from the year 1897 until he was called by a Higher Authority to resign that high responsibility in 1919, and to enter into his Eternal Rest in the very presence of the Great Head of the Church, his Glorified Redeemer, whom he served long and faithfully in His Church Militant here in earth.

“Of his twenty-two years’ episcopate it is not for me to speak, though I may be permitted to close my remarks by adding that the same unobtrusive, quiet disposition was shown among his fellow-Bishops in their Councils, never putting himself forward, and yet ever ready when appealed to, as he often was, to give his well-weighed judgment in matters under consideration. And it was evident to all of us Bishops how valuable were his well-matured thoughts, the outcome of a mind endowed with an intellect surpassing that of most of us, and a heart sanctified with a Spirit which was not of the earth but came down from above.

“I shall say no more, and be silent concerning my own personal loss of one of my most intimate friends, whom I had learned to lean upon in happy conference, both as regards things temporal, and above all, things Spiritual and Eternal.”

We have seen from the Bishop of Clogher’s record in the foregoing pages, that in 1879 James Bennett Keene was elected to be Rector of the Parish of Navan, in Meath, under Lord Plunket, then Bishop of that Diocese. Thus he returned to the scene of his former labours, where he had worked under Bishop Butcher from 1874 to 1877.

Before he was actually elected to Navan he found out that another man, married and with a family, was anxious for the appointment; he, therefore, went to the chief Nominator, Mr. Gerard, and asked that his own name might be withdrawn. On being assured that the other man would not be appointed, he withdrew his objection; and shortly after was nominated Rector, a position he held for seventeen years.

On taking up his residence at Navan, his eldest sister Charlotte, who had for some years been working among the poor in S. London, came to live with him and help him in his work. She lived with him, till her death at Bishops-court in 1902, and was a great help and comfort to him and to his parishioners.

At once he set himself to know his people, visiting them at their homes, and going regularly to the National Schools, in which he took great interest.

Three years later, in 1880, Mr. Keene was appointed Head Master of Navan College; and this added considerably to his work, for he himself taught the Senior Classes, and prepared the pupils for examination. His mornings, therefore, were always spent in school; but he enjoyed imparting knowledge, and was a successful teacher. He used to say that the seventeen years he spent at Navan were the busiest of his life. One Sunday he remembered taking seven services, including the Workhouse, which was part of his usual Sunday work, as he was Chaplain there.

In those days there was no Rectory at Navan (it was not built till thirty-five years later), and he and his sister lived at the College, in the middle of the town, a pleasant house with a garden. The large schoolroom, to which there was a separate entrance, proved very useful for evening meetings and parish gatherings.

A friend, writing of these days, tells the following story. He says: "Jim Keene, though younger than most of us, was often taken for older by the general public. In illustration of this fact, I remember once his enjoyment, as he told me, that one day at Navan, he was sitting at the bedside of a very old patient, of nearly a hundred in the Workhouse Hospital, and he happened to ask him how old he was:

" 'Oh, begorra,' was the reply, 'I must be comin' very near to sixty.'

" 'Well, Paddy,' said the Rector, 'how old do you take me for?'

" 'Bedad,' said the old fellow, 'your Riverance, God

bless you, must be going on close to a hundred !' How he enjoyed this story, for he was then little more than forty."

In 1885, Bishop Reichel (just appointed Bishop of Meath, on Lord Plunket's translation to Dublin) made Mr. Keene his examining Chaplain ; this office he retained till Bishop Reichel's death in 1894, when Dr. Peacocke, who then became Bishop, asked him to continue as his examining Chaplain.

The Rev. J. Hamilton, now the Dean of Clonmacnoise, writes of this time :

" I first made the Bishop's acquaintance in 1884, when I came to the Diocese of Meath. He was Rector of Navan at that time, and I was at Dunboyne. Bishop Reichel then lived at Dunboyne, and I had the great privilege of spending many happy evenings there, where I often met your dear husband. I need hardly say he was a great favourite with the Bishop. His great intellectual gifts and his well-stored mind appealed to a man of such brilliant scholarship as Bishop Reichel : and his beautiful, lovable character appealed to every one, and made him a favourite everywhere. You can quite understand how much two such men, both so highly gifted, had in common."

My husband had a great admiration for his learned Bishop, and much enjoyed intercourse with him. He took me once to see Bishop Reichel's grave, in a quiet God's acre, some miles from Dublin, and then he spoke of him and of his great intellectual gifts.

In 1892, Mr. Keene was elected Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, thus representing the Diocese of Meath in the National Cathedral. On this occasion he received the following letter from Dr. MacMahon :

" DUBLIN,

" *February, 1892.*

" MY DEAR KEENE,—

" Allow me to offer sincere congratulations on your appointment to the Canonry at St. Patrick's Cathedral, a

selection which does honour to your historic Diocese. Few clergymen, on either side of the Channel, have mastered so wide a range of culture as yourself, adorned and beautified by that unpretending estimate of self which marks the real Christian mind. You will, under God, be a valuable addition to the ancient Chapter of the National Minster, and I trust that your promotion is only the precursor of higher distinctions in the Church of Ireland.

“ Always very faithfully yours,

“ J. H. MACMAHON.

“ The Rev. Canon Keene.”

Each Diocese in Ireland has a representative Canon elected to St. Patrick's, and each Canon has to preach a certain number of times in the year at the National Cathedral. On one occasion, returning from a short holiday abroad, in time to take his Sunday duty at Navan, Canon Keene found, to his dismay, that he was advertised to preach at St. Patrick's Cathedral that Sunday, although it was not properly his turn to do so. Saturday, therefore, had to be spent in trying to get some one to take his Sunday duty at Navan, which was difficult, as many of the clergy were away that month. Then he had to sit up that night and prepare a sermon for the next day, at St. Patrick's.

In 1896, Canon Keene was appointed Rural Dean by Bishop Peacocke, and this brought him into still closer intercourse with the neighbouring clergy, with whom he was already on very cordial terms.

The present Archdeacon of Meath has most kindly sent the following interesting “ Reminiscences of the Navan days ” :

“ I had a slight acquaintance with the Bishop when he was Secretary to the Church of Ireland Young Men's Christian Association. When I was curate in Dublin, I used occasionally to attend the Bible Classes and Debates of the Y.M.C.A., and I well remember how Mr. Keene (as he was then) took the leading part in the discussions, and directed them in a most interesting and profitable way.

“ I knew a good deal about his work as Rector of Navan in Meath, to which he was appointed in 1879, and need only say that never was a clergyman more beloved by his people ; as to his relations with his brother clergy I would like to dwell at greater length : we all found in him a faithful friend.

“ His house was one in which we were always sure of finding a hearty welcome. He had exceptional gifts as a conversationalist, for there was no subject with which he was not more or less conversant, and on some subjects he had few equals.

“ At our Clerical Meetings, we could always appeal to him, whenever any difficulty arose as to the interpretation of the Greek text. Personally, I often consulted him as to the translation of difficult Latin documents and inscriptions, and he was always ready and able to give the needful help. But his modesty was such, that many who did not come into such immediate contact with him, were quite unaware of his exceptional gifts.

“ Knowing him as we did, it is not surprising that we took every opportunity of showing our appreciation of his worth. When the Canonry in St. Patrick’s became vacant by the elevation of Dr. Reichel to the Episcopate, he was at once elected to be representative Canon for the Diocese of Meath, in the National Cathedral. And, when the Bishopric of Meath was vacant, he had a large preponderance of the clerical votes ; and if the laity had known him as well as the clergy did, he would *then* have been at once elected. The same thing was repeated when, before long, the Bishopric again became vacant (by Dr. Peacocke being made Archbishop), and then we were all gratified in having our wishes fulfilled, and he was elected Bishop of Meath in 1897.

“ Before his elevation to the Episcopate, he accomplished a great and lasting work for the Diocese of Meath, in the establishment of the Diocesan Board of Education. No one but myself now remains, who knows all the labour which this entailed, or how well all the difficulties were overcome.

The origin of all the Educational Endowments in the Diocese had to be investigated and a scheme prepared for their efficient administration. This was altogether accomplished by our late Bishop."

The Reverend Edward Goff, Rector of Trim, a dear friend of many years, kindly sends the following " Recollections " of the Bishop's life at Navan :

" His appointment to the parish of Navan was as unexpected as it was unsolicited. He never sought preferment, or put himself forward. He was not in the least conscious of his brilliant gifts, and sought rather to hide them. He was like Nathanael, the Israelite ' in whom was no guile.'

" When Navan was vacant Mr. Thomas Gerard called on him in Dublin, and told him he was authorized by his fellow-nominators to offer him the parish. He refused it, believing that if elected he would be keeping the appointment from a friend. His warm heart and generous disposition would not allow James Keene to contemplate such a contingency. He only consented to accept the Parish, when it was made perfectly clear, that his fears were groundless. He was unanimously appointed.

" The Rector of Navan was also the Master of the Navan College; the endowment provides for a second Master, but a large share of the work and teaching devolves upon the Rector. The College and parish made his life in Navan a very busy one, for he never spared himself. The school work was not congenial to him in some respects; it really was beneath his splendid abilities, though he never thought so. He gave his pupils of his best; he laid a good foundation, and he watched the progress of his scholars with anxious interest.

" The College demands were never allowed to interfere with his parochial work: the Rector was a regular and constant visitor. He knew no class distinctions! All were his brethren; he was the same, and equally at home in the castle and the cottage. He used to call his sister his curate.

Miss Keene was a 'mother in Israel.' She knew and was a friend to all the young girls in the parish, and she constantly had them to the College, either for classes or meetings.

"In fact, the College was a centre, not only for the parish, but also for the neighbourhood. A Missionary Sale was held there annually, the other parishes joining, and the Sale and addresses excited a great deal of interest in Missions over the Diocese.

"James Keene's humility was really extraordinary. When he was made Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, I went with my wife to congratulate him. He was quite surprised at the honour coming to him; I suggested that his name had been proposed by the Bishop; and his brother clergy, by their votes showed that they considered he was the right man. He replied in the simple genuine way which was peculiar to him: 'I fear you have all made a mistake and given me credit for what I do not possess.'

"James Keene always took the lowest seat and was content to remain there, till he was called to the higher.

"He made 'higher criticism' his careful study and sounded some of its lowest depths, and it grieved him to know how far some earnest men were going in this direction.

"James Keene was like Thomas; he was resolved to see and prove for himself, and like Thomas, too, he was not left without the sure and certain evidence. I remember he said to me many years ago: 'I have an intense longing to look behind the Veil.' He walked as seeing Him who is invisible. He was ever conscious of the Promised Presence. It was awe-inspiring to be with him in the Vestry before taking part in the service; the weight of responsibility and solemnity seemed almost to overpower him. It often brought to my mind what Jacob said when he awoke out of sleep, 'This is none other but the house of God and this is the Gate of Heaven' "

Another valued friend, the Reverend Canon Jennings,

Rector of Harold's Cross, Dublin, kindly sends the following account of this part of the Bishop's life :

" I feel honoured in being asked to contribute a few words regarding the years 1872 to 1900. It is exceedingly difficult to find outstanding features in a life which was all ' sweetness and light ' ; he was essentially modest, and entirely non-combative, so that controversy had almost no part in his happy days. He found it peculiarly difficult to bring himself to believe evil of anyone, he never attributed sordid or bad motives, and when it was no longer possible to think good of a provedly contemptible and wicked person, his whole being thrilled with surprise and horror rather than with reproachful blame.

" We first met in the spring of 1873, when he was curate of St. Matthias' Church, Dublin ; the occasion being a huge meeting, in what is now the great hall of the National University, his Rector—an outstanding figure in the religious world of that day—the Reverend Achilles Daunt, being in the chair ; to him he was greatly attached. We sat beside one another, and then and there, a friendship began which was afterwards to be a very close one, lasting unbroken to the day of his death.

" Even then, though only recently ordained, his noble, massive face had that look of benediction which was so characteristic of it all through the years. Amongst St. Matthias' congregation—as in every other sphere in which he worked—he was greatly beloved. He came there with an exceptionally brilliant University reputation, very rarely has there been one who gained such distinction in entirely opposite branches of learning: in Classics and in Mathematics he was equally at home, and could easily have been a Fellow of Trinity College had he so desired.

" Indeed, it used to be a saying that ' Fitzgerald—afterwards one of the most distinguished Fellows—knew a book's contents while walking between Hodges and Smith's (the University Booksellers, a few hundred yards distant)

and the College, but that Keene knew the book when he sniffed at it.'

"He has often told me how miserable he felt on those occasions on which when his Rector disappointed, he had to take his place, to give Addresses, adding, 'the audience were so woefully disappointed when they saw *me*.' This early trait is typical of his whole after-career: he was, without question, the most singularly and genuinely humble-minded soul that I have ever met, and without a particle of self-seeking. All his honours came unsought.

"His knowledge was encyclopædic, as was said by one of our greatest Anglican Divines at a Lambeth Conference. His learning illumined every branch on which it was called forth: Syriac or Mathematics were equally the same to him.

"From 1874 to 1877 he was Diocesan Curate of Meath, being so appointed by Bishop Butcher, who had an intense regard for and high opinion of him. In the latter year he became Secretary of the Church of Ireland Young Men's Christian Association in Dublin. To it he gave most loving service, but it did not suit his too generous temperament, as his duties consisted largely of serving tables and getting in members' subscriptions: this was specially uncongenial to him, so rather than press for money, he largely robbed himself by paying others' debts.

"Two years later, he returned to that Diocese of Meath over which he was afterwards to preside, being elected to a small country incumbency in which he never resided, as later in the same year (1879) he was called to Navan, where he remained for eighteen years until he entered upon his episcopate.

"I was Rector of the adjoining parish from 1882 to 1896, and our friendship was so intimate that I practically know all that is to be known of his work there. Never was pastor more whole-heartedly beloved; his people adored him, and they were ever on his heart. He was their truest and most unceasing friend, in and out among them always, and he

never forgot or lost sight of them in after years. He not only secured well-known preachers from Dublin at the seasons of Advent and Lent (an unusual thing then in the country), but he also enlisted the services of able lecturers, and organized admirable entertainments, elevating in tone, throughout the winter months.

“ His clerical brethren held him in highest esteem, electing him representative Canon in the National Cathedral of St. Patrick. With the exception of Dean Reichel, afterwards Bishop, he was entirely beyond any other clergyman in the Diocese in learning and ability. At clerical meetings he was specially illuminating, bringing out most original and scholarly points without the slightest display; indeed, making so little of them that oftentimes their striking and sterling value was scarcely realized.

“ If one made an error, he was in utter amaze, he could not understand it, but he held his peace.

“ His was a charming, hospitable home, presided over, at that time, by his sister, to whom he was much attached, and who was a universal favourite. Truest of friends, he could always be relied on, and never failed.

“ He had exceptionally many interests in life, and was of a gregarious nature. Travelling was to him a great joy, especially with his brother, that delicate classical scholar, Professor Keene, of Queen’s College, Cork. Little incidents afforded him abundant amusement. When in Switzerland, at the entrance to one of the mountain tunnels, he came across his grand old schoolmaster (Dr. Benson), whom he loved so much, sitting in an expectant attitude, with up-lifted hand :

“ ‘ Hush ! ’ the Doctor said in a whisper, ‘ a——(naming a bird) has gone in there an hour ago, and I’m waiting till it comes out again. ’ Mr. Keene proceeded by rail to the summit and back, and in recounting this he said to me : ‘ There was the doctor patiently waiting still, and, of course, the bird had gone out at the other end, hours before. ’

“ One Sunday afternoon, I happened to come over to preach

for him in the evening, as I constantly did. He came in from the Workhouse Service laughing heartily (and no one could laugh more merrily than he), and he told us that he had just been taken by an old patient there (a centenarian) to be '*nigh upon a hundred years old.*' He always looked older than he was, in those days. This tickled him. I only mention this to show the freshness and simplicity that accompanied his greatness of intellect.

"His own humour, of set purpose, sometimes took a form that was apparently searching in its character: he would ask a question with all solemnity, the answer to which was totally unexpected and the very reverse of serious: then when he had succeeded in landing his victim, his mirth was delightful. He revelled in small puzzles which drew out nimbleness of brain; in this he resembled the great Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Salmon.

"Bishop Reichel, who held him in highest honour and regard, made him his examining Chaplain, an office in which Bishop Peacocke, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, retained him. He was in this position a valuable asset to the Diocese.

"In 1897 he became Bishop. As I was no longer in the Diocese I never had the joy of having him as my Diocesan; but it was noticeable how markedly brilliant, acute, original, and touching were some of his Synodal Addresses (especially those delivered through the progress of the great War).

"Of his marvellous kindness to any clergyman who needed it, I have frequently heard. To such as, through simple misfortune, were brought to places of defeat, he ever acted as a ministering angel. But when necessity demanded it, he schooled himself to sternness, even though it caused him actual pain.

"These few unsatisfying and inadequate words exhaust the space allotted to me. Great in intellect, simple as a child, outstanding in learning, without a trace of pedantry, saintly in character, kindness itself in judgment of others. Such was that true Father in God, James Bennett

Keene. But the greatest, and most to be desired of all yet remains to be said—to be said in unvarnished truthfulness—to be satisfyingly said only in the language of Holy Writ—

“ ‘ Behold, an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile ! ’

“ ‘ Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God. ’ ”

CHAPTER V

**Diocese of Meath—Consecration—Ancient Places of Worship
—Early Episcopate—Sister's Death—His own Illness—
1897-1909.**

DURING the summer of 1897, while still Rector of Navan, Canon Keene went over to Scotland for a short holiday. Dr. Peacocke had lately been elected Archbishop of Dublin, leaving the See of Meath vacant. There were many who wished Canon Keene to succeed him, but he was always the very last man to seek, or even to desire promotion; and he was glad to be far away during the election time.

One day, towards the end of his visit, he met a friend from Ireland, at the hotel where he was staying; and in the course of conversation, the friend said, "Do you know if any appointment has yet been made for the Bishopric of Meath?"

"None, at present," was the answer, "but I believe it will be settled soon."

The following morning, on opening the Irish paper, he found that he himself had been unanimously elected to the vacant Diocese. He, therefore, returned from his holiday as the Bishop-elect of Meath; and he felt thankful, as he faced the fresh work and increased responsibilities of his new position, that he already knew and liked so many of the clergy and laity he was called to serve.

The Bishopric of Meath dates from A.D. 1094. Before that time, however, there were Bishoprics at Clonard (where we hear of Senach being Bishop in A.D. 588)—also at Trim, Kells and some other places in Co. Meath.

At the Synod of Kells, held in 1152, it was decreed that all the minor Sees of the district should be suppressed, and that their jurisdiction should be centred in the rule of one prelate, though the work of consolidation was not completed until some years later. The See was at first fixed at Clonard. At a later period (A.D. 1560) the Bishopric of Clonmacnoise, founded in 548, was joined to Meath, and the whole now forms one Diocese, which is one of the largest in Ireland. It is co-extensive with the territory of the kingdom of Meath before the Conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans. It is, therefore, called "the Royal Diocese," and the Bishop takes precedence of the other Bishops in Ireland, holding rank after the Archbishops, and is styled "the Most Reverend."

It includes all the County of Meath, the greater part of West Meath and King's County, as well as parts of the counties of Cavan, Longford and Galway; in all, it comprises about 1,242,750 acres. The Church of Ireland population is about ten thousand, with 104 Protestant churches, and about seventy beneficed clergy. As there is no cathedral in the Meath Diocese, its Bishops, with the consent of the Archbishop of Dublin, always make use of the ancient cathedral of Christ Church in Dublin, built in A.D. 1038, for any special functions.

James Bennett Keene was consecrated the sixty-third Bishop of Meath, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, on October 17, 1897, by the Archbishop of Armagh (Primate Alexander), and the Bishops of Down and Clogher. He received a warm welcome from the people in the Diocese, many of whom had learnt to know and love him during his seventeen years at Navan, and before that, when he was Diocesan Curate.

It is about three miles from the town of Navan to Ardracran, where his new home, Bishops court, the present See-house of Meath, is situated. Once the Rectory, it has been added to from time to time, and is now a large, comfort-

able, two-storied house, standing in very pleasant grounds, and with about fifty acres of land attached. Close by is "Ardraccan House," once "The Palace," where formerly the Bishops of Meath lived, till, at the time of the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, the incomes were greatly reduced, and these princely mansions could no longer be kept up.

Ardraccan, which for some years became the home of the Bishop, means the Hill of Breccan; St. Breccan being the first Abbot of the Monastery founded there, in the sixth century. St. Breccan was buried in the Island of Arran.

In the vault under the chancel, and in the churchyard of Ardraccan Church, eight of the Bishops of Meath, since the year 1620, have been buried: the last Bishop to be laid to rest at Ardraccan being Bishop Butcher in 1872, nearly fifty years ago.

To Bishops court, in the parish of Ardraccan, therefore, Bishop Keene brought his sister, in the late autumn of 1897, and there they began their new life. His first desire was to get to know his clergy, and to become acquainted with their parishes and work; this involved much travelling, for Bishops court is situated in one corner of the Diocese, and in order to reach most parts of it, it is necessary to go up to Dublin, and there change stations, to get to the distant parishes. This took time, and necessitated the Bishop's being much away from home, sometimes a week or more at a time; for as most of the meetings and committees were held in Dublin, he found it convenient to stay there often for two or three days, instead of returning home, after each distant visit. When at Bishops court, he liked to gather round him his clergy, and so become better acquainted with them and their work and difficulties.

Colonel Pepper, writing of this time, says: "The Bishop felt it to be an honour to be the Bishop of Meath, not for himself personally, but as representing the Senior See in Ireland, one of the oldest Dioceses in the Church."

In the Diocese of Meath there still exist the sites and

ruins of many ancient, early Christian places of worship. The Bishop took great interest in them, for they show the real antiquity of the Irish Church. One of these is *The Hill of Tara*, near Navan, now only a few stones and mounds of earth ; but a site where the antiquary can picture that wonderful scene on Easter Day, about A.D. 440, when St. Patrick, lately returned to Ireland, interviewed the pagan High King Leary (the chief of all the kings in Ireland at that time), and preached the Christian faith to him and his followers. It was there, that, wanting them to understand what he meant by the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, he stooped and picked a shamrock from the grass at his feet, and showed them how it was three leaves, and yet but one leaf. This is the reason the Irish wear, year after year, the shamrock, on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, the day on which he died, A.D. 461.

King Leary never became a Christian, but he put no hindrance in the way of St. Patrick's teaching the Irish ; he therefore travelled through the whole land, teaching and baptizing, and ordaining clergymen. He chose Armagh to be the site of the principal church, and the place for the chief Bishop ; and he built his church there, where now the Cathedral of St. Patrick stands.

At *Clonard* in Meath was another of these early Christian places of worship. Here St. Finnian, soon after the time of St. Patrick, founded a famous College ; and Clonard, as we have already seen, had a Christian Bishop, as early as A.D. 588.

In those far-off days, the Irish Schools or Colleges (which like the Monasteries to which they belonged were merely a cluster of wicker and mud huts) were so highly thought of for their learning, that scholars flocked to them from all parts of Europe. There they studied Latin and Greek, Astronomy, Geography, and more than all, the Holy Scriptures, which were known and loved by the early Irish Church ; so that from these Colleges, men went out as Missionaries to other countries, and thus spread the Christian

faith. No wonder that Ireland was then called, "The Island of Saints" !

Some of the most famous of these Schools or Colleges were at Clonard, Kildare, Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, Derry and Armagh.

In the Clonard College there were 3,000 scholars ; twelve of them were so famous for their learning and holiness that they were called " the twelve apostles of Ireland." One of the twelve, St. Kieran, founded a College at *Clonmacnoise*, in King's County, where in A.D. 890 there was a Christian Bishop, called Maclother. Here there are some very ancient Irish Crosses, of great interest, dating from A.D. 900 and 1000.¹

The ancient church at Clonmacnoise has lately been very well restored. In the restoration the Bishop took the greatest interest ; and he reopened it in 1914.² The Dean takes his title from this place.

Some of the ancient Irish Crosses, sculptured with scenes from Holy Scripture, are also to be found at *Kells* in Meath : two of these are in the churchyard, and a very large one stands in the market-place. These ancient places of worship appealed much to the Bishop's devout and at the same time antiquarian mind ; and with the knowledge of his appreciation of the old Crosses, the copy of one, made in Dublin, has been placed over his resting-place at St. Albans.

On one occasion, when in Cornwall, the Bishop was invited to attend some special function in the Cathedral at Truro. At the conclusion of the service, he was asked to pronounce the Benediction, because the Irish had first brought Christianity to Cornwall. He much appreciated this courteous recognition of the blessing his country had been the means of bringing to the Cornish people.

The early years of my husband's Episcopate, though full of work and of interests of many kinds, can only be

¹ See *Ireland and her Church*, by C. M. MacSorley.

² See Chapter IX, page 95.

sketched in these pages. His occupations and engagements were numerous and varied, but there were no great events or incidents to record of his busy, useful life. He might have said, as did one of old, "I dwell among mine own people," for he disliked publicity, and rather shunned public life. Writing to me, many years later, he said :

"I am very shy of publicity : it has made me sometimes too much inclined to shirk duties. Shyness has all my life been one of my faults, and it is a great one in a man come to my years. It has made me seem cold and unsympathetic when I was longing to give sympathy : and the truth is, I shrink up into my shell if I am misunderstood."

His life was like a quietly flowing river which refreshed and enriched all around, and gave joy and comfort to many on its way, gaining in strength and beauty as it approached the end of its course.

Children loved him and he loved the little ones : they seemed to be attracted by his kind face and manner, and trusted him instinctively. One day, a little girl, coming with her mother to luncheon at Bishops court, asked : "Will there be any children besides the Bishop, to play with to-day?" Children were always at home with him and would often bring him their difficulties to solve.

He loved animals, especially dogs, of which there were always several at Bishops court. One special favourite was called "Kim." Birds, too, interested him. He liked to watch the herons that had their nest in the wood at Bishops court ; and during the last two winters at Clyde Road, where we daily fed a number of birds from the study window, the Bishop took great interest in watching them, and was always on the look-out for a new variety to appear. But he was not a keen lover of the country and had but few country tastes.

He took a great interest in the young, especially in the boys of his Diocese, and for about thirty years was Trustee and Governor of the Chetwood and Stearne Charity, which apprentices, or otherwise advances in life, the boys of

Meath belonging to the Church of Ireland. Once a year, they come for examination to Navan, when £10 to £25 each is awarded to the successful candidates. The Reverend L. Coulter, Rector of Ardracran, and for twenty years Hon. Secretary and Trustee of the Charity, says :

“ The Bishop took the greatest interest in all the boys, and showed an exceptional sympathy with them in their subsequent careers. He considered it a most useful Charity.”

In 1900 he was asked to preach at a church in Belfast, and he went there for the week-end. After preaching at the morning service, he was taken very ill with internal pain, on his return to the Rectory. The curate of the parish, now a Dublin Rector, remembers having to rush off for the doctor, who lived at some distance away. After a time, the Bishop got relief, and was able (though surely unwisely) to preach again in the evening. But they all felt, at the time, that it took much out of him ; and they feared he would not long be spared to them.

There is no doubt that this was the beginning of the very serious illness he had two years later, though for some time he had no recurrence of the pain, and was able to continue his work as usual.

About a year later, his sister Charlotte's health began to fail. Though never very strong, she had been his constant, loving companion and helper for twenty-two years, ever since he went to Navan as Rector. Her work there among the young people had been valuable and much appreciated. Bravely she bore the illness, which for more than a year must have caused her much suffering and distress. To the very last she kept up, that the brother to whom she was devoted might not be grieved or hindered in his work. In this unselfish desire, she was helped by his frequent absences from home : often she would rise from her bed, and come downstairs to receive and welcome him, on his return ; and as she had been delicate for some time, her brother did not notice much change. It was therefore a great shock as well as grief to him, when, coming

home on one occasion, he found her seriously ill ; and she gently passed away in a few days. She died on October 28, 1902, and was laid to rest in Ardbraccan churchyard, close beside the church. Later, a tablet was put up in the church to her memory.

The Bishop greatly felt her death, and sadly missed her loving companionship. She had been his companion several times in his travels on the Continent, and together they had visited the Riviera, the Island of Sicily and many other places abroad, as well as in England. They both loved travelling ; and he was always most considerate of her comfort and careful that she should never overtire herself.

In looking back, after all these years, one feels that the brother must sometimes have hidden his own suffering from his sister, knowing how it would distress her (he had wonderful powers of self-control) : for shortly after her death, his own very serious illness began, which lasted for many months, and alarmed all his friends. One of his clergy, who saw him in bed in October, told me that when he left him he felt sure the Bishop would not live till Christmas. He himself felt it unlikely he would recover, for nothing seemed to give him relief from pain, either in Dublin, or in London, where he went for further advice. At last, after weary months of suffering, he was advised to try the waters of a German Spa, by a friend who had himself greatly benefited by the treatment.

He accordingly went to Bad Wildungen, in August, 1903, with his brother, Professor Keene, and the treatment did him much good. After a month he returned home, thankful to be able again to take up his work, though at first very quietly. For the next two or three years he went each August, with his brother, to take the Baths and waters, from which he continued to derive much benefit. On one of these visits he met, staying in the same hotel, the American Vice-Consul, Mr. W. Stuart, and his sister, with whom the brothers took several drives and excursions. Writing to his mother in England, Mr. Stuart says :

“ The Bishop of Meath is here, and is very popular ; he is the life of our party.”

Although to the end of his life he felt the effects of this illness, and suffered occasional pain, he was able for sixteen years longer, to administer his Diocese with wise and loving zeal and devotion.

Gentle as he was by nature, he was at the same time very fearless ; on one occasion, when the country was somewhat disturbed by Land and other troubles, he was walking in one of the quiet lanes, some distance from home, when suddenly three rough men made a dash through a gap in the hedge just in front of him. He stood still for a moment, wondering what they intended, when one of the men, seeing his surprise, said : “ No fear, yer Honour, there’s not a man in the whole countryside as would touch a hair of yer Honour’s head.” So greatly was he respected, by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants.

One day, when walking through Navan, a Roman Catholic woman knelt down before him, kissed his hand, and asked for his blessing.

After his sister’s death, his niece Louisa Slater came to live with him at Bishops court ; and from that time, till she married from his house, ten years later, she was his kind and efficient helper and companion : she was an excellent hostess, and a general favourite in the Diocese.

The Bishop had been succeeded at Navan by the Rev. J. Rennison as Rector of the parish and Head Master of the College. Later, the Bishop appointed him to be his Archdeacon, an office which he held till his death in 1914.

Only three miles apart, the intercourse between the two families was frequent ; seldom did a week pass without the Archdeacon walking over to Bishops court, or the Bishop to the College.

On the death of Archdeacon Rennison, the Bishop offered the Archdeaconry to Canon Healy, then Rector of Kells, the present Archdeacon of Meath.

CHAPTER VI

Visits to Holy Land, Patmos, Egypt—Move to Dublin— Letters from the Dean and Others—1909-1911.

IN the autumn of 1909 the Bishop visited the Holy Land, in order to be present at the Consecration of the Anglican Collegiate Church of St. George, at Jerusalem.

The Bishops of Chichester and Khartum were also present on this occasion, as well as the Patriarch of the Greek Church. The latter, with much pride, told the Bishop how many Patriarchs had preceded him and what a number of years the Greek See had been in existence. He was greatly surprised when the Bishop told him that the Bishopric of Meath had been founded in A.D. 1094, hundreds of years before the existence of the Greek See of Jerusalem; and that he was the sixty-third Bishop of the Diocese. He enjoyed meeting this interesting representative of the Greek Church, and had much conversation with him.

This visit to Palestine deeply impressed and delighted him, and he loved, in after years, to speak of all that it had meant to him. In the *last* sermon he ever preached, on July 20, 1919, he alluded to this visit to Palestine: a few sentences may here be quoted. He was preaching for the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and he took the text, "Let Jerusalem come into your mind" (Jer. li. 50). He says:

"How well I remember the first morning I spent in Jerusalem. The house I lodged in was in the highest quarter of Jerusalem, and I rose early in the morning to see the sun rise over the mountains of Moab. There lay Nebo's lonely

mountain in the horizon, and beneath it the waters of the Dead Sea, lying at a distance of twelve miles, and reappearing in the valley, at a depth of 4,000 feet below where I stood. In the middle distance were the hills and desolate ravines that lie between the city and the lake (the scene of one of Ezekiel's wonderful visions), and immediately in the foreground lay stretched out, as in a map, the whole of Jerusalem, the great Temple area, the Holy Sepulchre, and the thousand spots connected with imperishable associations all over that ancient and sacred city.

"A visit to Palestine has been described as an additional gospel, and undoubtedly the treading of those sites, so full of recollections of the Redeemer, gives a sense of reality to many Bible scenes. They cannot but change one's conceptions of the Bible, and illuminate its pages with new meaning.

"To all who have personally visited the Holy Land, the name of Jerusalem has a special charm. It always will have an interest for the souls of men, which no other place in the whole world could awaken. Jerusalem means the City of Peace, yet few cities have witnessed more of the horrors of war, during the twenty-seven sieges which it has endured. We have reason to believe that a new era has begun in its history, in which its name will correspond to its real condition, and the promise, 'In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts,' will have a new fulfilment. Already wonders have been wrought for it, since the British under their truly Christian Commander, General Allenby, took possession of it, on December 9, 1917."

While in Jerusalem, the Bishop visited the Hospital and Schools, and of these he writes :

"The beautiful and well-equipped Hospital in Jerusalem, which has been so largely supported by the Church of Ireland, is a delightful monument to the power of the love of Christ. It is for the people that He so peculiarly loved.

"The splendid Schools of this Society (for Promoting Christianity among the Jews) are attended by crowds of Jewish boys and girls. I examined them myself, and should

be glad if our children approached them in the excellence of their results. The Jewish children are particularly bright and intelligent, and it is a pleasure to teach them. There they learn the truth about Jesus Christ, and all that He did and suffered for them. Many of them, seeing the strength and joy that faith in Him as a loving and ever-present Saviour and Friend can give, have yielded their hearts and lives to Him."

The Bishop had not time to travel as far north as he would have liked ; but he visited the Lake of Galilee, and many of the places made sacred, for all time, by the footsteps of the Saviour ; and he carried away memories which never ceased to be vivid and inspiring to the end of his life.

On the way home they passed the Isle of Patmos, and he liked to recall that early Sunday morning hour, when, sitting on the deck of the steamer studying his Greek Testament, and reading Revelation i., he came in sight of the island, consecrated to the memory of the beloved Apostle, and gazed on the scene which met the eyes of St. John as he wrote those very words. Here he saw the cave where the Apostle had dwelt, and they held a service there " on the Lord's Day."

The Bishop spent a little time in Egypt, before returning home. It was his second visit to that ancient and interesting country, and both there and in the Holy Land he took photographs, some of which afterwards appeared as slides for the various lantern lectures which, from time to time, he gave on these countries.

He returned to Ireland, much refreshed in mind and body by this delightful journey to the East.

Travelling was always a great enjoyment to him ; and for several years it was his custom to visit different parts of Europe with his brother, Professor Keene, in their yearly holiday ; Italy and Greece were specially interesting to both the brothers, though Norway, Switzerland and other countries were also visited. Sometimes his niece accompanied them in these tours.

In 1909, it was decided to let Bishopscourt, and to take a furnished house in Dublin, for a time. Several things combined to make this desirable.

It saved the Bishop a good deal of time and travelling, for, before the days of motors, all journeys had to be taken by train. He also felt that it would enable the clergy to see more of him, as Dublin is more accessible than Bishopscourt to every part of the Diocese, except to the parishes near Navan.

He had to be constantly in Dublin, for some days at a time, as most of the Meetings, Committees and Boards are held there, in consequence of there being no Cathedral town in Meath. Thus, the change to 34, Fitzwilliam Square, proved, in many ways, a good thing, both for Bishop and people.

It was also beneficial to the health of the Bishop, as he suffered less in Dublin from the neuralgia in head and eyes, which was so constant and severe in the country ; although, to the end of his life, he was at times subject to bad attacks of it. He used to call himself, jokingly, a " barometer," as cold winds or damp weather usually brought on the pain ; and he would frequently know by his feelings what sort of day it was before he rose in the morning.

The Dean of Clonmacnoise, writing of these days, says :

" In 1897 he became our Bishop, and to understand how beloved he already was, it is enough to state that he received almost the unanimous vote of his brother clergy. From the time he became Bishop, he set himself to help his clergy and their families, in order that they might be a blessing to the people in their different parishes. While he lived at Bishopscourt he and his sister were very hospitable. The clergy and their wives were often invited to stay for a few days. In this way the clergy got to know their Bishop and also to know one another, as East and West Meath are like two different Dioceses. This difficulty was greatly overcome when he came to live in Dublin, as it was more accessible to both East and West. It was

an advantage to the Bishop also, as he was able to sleep at home much oftener. He was always ready to come and help his clergy at any service or function which brought the people together, and he was always welcomed by every one : they never forgot his words, and his kindly greeting when he talked with them. There are so many things one would like to tell of his beautiful life and his well-stored mind, which was always so full of information on every conceivable subject."

One of his clergy, the Reverend Edward Goff, Rector of Trim, writes of him :

"It would be hard, indeed impossible, to do justice to such a life as his. He was a most Christ-like man, and carried with him in church, or house, or street, indeed wherever he was, the atmosphere of Heaven. Like his Master, the world did not know him ; few there were, who were even *aware* of his brilliant gifts. Had he so desired, he could have done anything or reached and filled any position. However, he has been called to one higher than could have been attained here."

Of this part of the Bishop's life, the Archdeacon of Meath adds a few words to his "Recollections" :

"After his elevation to the Episcopate, I was drawn into closer communication with him, being Secretary to the Synod and Diocesan Council ; and afterwards Archdeacon. His courtesy, his kindness, his thoughtful consideration go without saying : we knew he had all these qualities before we elected him. But his business capacity was equally remarkable, and his grasp of complicated financial details was an astonishment, even to us who knew how great were his abilities. Naturally, there would often arise differences of opinion amongst us, but the Bishop was always fair, even to those who took the side of which he did not approve.

"I cannot help feeling that what I have written, both about Navan days, and of these later years, is very bald and inadequate, but it is not easy to express that which one feels most deeply. His faithfulness as a friend, his

humility as a Christian, his deep piety, his unfailing kindness, these are things that are remembered with thankfulness, but our appreciation of them cannot be expressed in words."

CHAPTER VII

A Family Gathering at Lowestoft—First Impressions— Wedding of Niece—1911-1913.

IN 1904, Samuel Henry Slater, of the I.C.S., a nephew of the Bishop's, had married Muriel Agnes Streatfeild, only daughter of Canon Streatfeild, Vicar of St. Mark's, Leamington Spa. They had left for India soon afterwards.

During their furlough in 1911, a family party was planned to meet at the seaside, Lowestoft being the place chosen. There, therefore, in the July of that year, a large party assembled, occupying three sets of lodgings. We were a merry party, the two Slater children, Marjorie and Guy, being the chief centre of attraction.

Into this family gathering came the Bishop and his brother, Professor Charles Keene, for a week. They stayed at the hotel on the edge of the cliff, which to our interest and alarm seemed to be gradually crumbling away: indeed, some had already disappeared, leaving the hotel alarmingly near the edge of the cliff. Many were the pleasant expeditions taken with them to the various places of note in the neighbourhood, especially to Yarmouth, where the old Parish Church interested them greatly.

The Bishop delighted all by his explanations, remarks, and information on everything we saw. One special day lives in my memory.

A good many of us went on the "Broads" for the afternoon. But a bad storm of wind and rain came on, which, in an open boat, was, to say the least of it, unpleasant, as most of us got thoroughly wet through from the heavy rain.

The Bishop bore it all with perfect equanimity, though many of us were rather frightened. After some hours

we came to a place where we could land, get tea, and dry our oaked things. This we promptly proceeded to do, and we got back safely at last, none the worse for our adventure.

As this was the first time I had come into personal contact with the Bishop, it may be well here to record the impression he made on me, a comparative stranger.

He was at this time just over sixty ; a very fine-looking man, tall and dignified in appearance. He was six feet in height and stout, but well proportioned ; he had a great charm of manner, with a fund of anecdotes, and was full of Irish wit and humour ; as well as of general information, which he was always ready to impart to those interested. He struck one, at the same time, as a reserved and silent man, who had lived very much among his books. He had the wonderful knack of making those he conversed with, even the youngest, feel that they knew more than he did, humility being one of his chief characteristics.

One of his clergy, writing of him after his death, described him as " a man with a giant intellect, but with the heart of a child." Nothing truer was ever written. He had such a power of enjoyment in the little things of life ; children, the beauty and colour of the flowers, the songs of the birds, all rejoiced his heart, and spoke to him of the glory of the Creator.

He had a fine face, with kindly, humorous blue eyes, a calm and serene expression, and a smile which lighted up his whole countenance ! God's light seemed to rest upon it.

Once, when he was at a C.M.S. Meeting at Exeter Hall, Sir John Kennaway, the Chairman, turned to the Primate of Ireland, sitting by him on the platform, and asked, " Who is that Bishop whose face is a benediction ? "

The answer was, " The Bishop of Meath."

Repeating this story in his Synod address after the Bishop's death, the Primate added, " Yes, his face *was* a benediction, and so was his *life*." It was true, as many could testify.

It reminds me of a sentence in a sermon I once heard him preach. He was telling the story of how Ruskin, once travelling from Scotland to England, studied the faces of all he saw on the journey, and the opinion he formed was that of the seven hundred countenances he had studied, he saw hardly one *really happy*, and the Bishop went on: "How rarely in those one meets in daily life does one see a countenance that betokens the existence of that calm strength and rest that are begotten of perfect trust and repose in God. It is the Saviour, and no one else, who can bestow this gift, that all the world wants, but so seldom finds."

Though he would have been the last to think it, this is an exact description of his own countenance, "calm strength" and "repose in God."

It was in the following year, in June, 1912, that the niece, who lived with the Bishop, and whom I had known for some years, asked me to go and stay with them in Dublin, assuring me that visitors were a pleasure to him, and that he loved introducing them to his beloved city.

I gladly, therefore, accepted the invitation, as I had never been to Dublin, and knew I should see it under exceptionally favourable circumstances. His sister, Mrs. Slater, whom I knew well, was also staying with him, having let her house in England, and this added to the pleasure of the visit.

The Bishop was very busy, and often away in his Diocese, but when at home, he kindly made time, between his many meetings and large correspondence, to show me some of the interesting places in Dublin; and once he took his sister and me to Killiney, to show us the lovely view from the top of the hill.

During this visit the engagement took place of the niece who lived with him, Miss Slater, to his Chaplain, the Rev. H. de Vere White, afterwards Warden of Wilson's Hospital. The wedding was fixed for the following January, and before I left I was made to promise that I would, if possible, return for the event, and remain on for a month, to cheer those left behind; for the loss of his niece would make a sad blank

in the house, not only to the Bishop, but to his sister and younger niece, who were to remain with him for a short time.

Meanwhile, the Bishop's busy life went on; travelling about his large Diocese, confirming, preaching, and settling various Diocesan matters: always with a large correspondence to deal with, and having no secretary, he answered every letter himself, in his good, clear handwriting, so easy to read. Often he would write till after midnight, and then go out and post his letters by the night mail. So the year 1912 came to a close.

On the 2nd of January, 1913, the wedding of his niece took place at St. Bartholomew's Church, Dublin. I had arrived the day before; and I shall never forget the impressive way the Bishop read the Marriage Service that morning. One knew his heart was in it, for he greatly felt parting with his niece, who for ten years had been his constant companion, and valuable helper in the Diocese. She was, therefore, a great loss to him, especially as his sister and younger niece could not remain with him altogether, having their home in England. Before long, therefore, he would be left alone with his work and his books.

It is true his books had all his life been a great joy to him, and he had a large collection. A common expression of his was, "I love to browse among my books." To a friend he once wrote: "The life which has the greatest attraction for me is that spent amongst books; you can find men at their best there, if you make a right choice of books to read. In common life one does not always get one's choice of companions." Books have been called, "The companions of silence," yet, even books are, at times, somewhat dry companions!

To be with the Bishop for any time was an education: he seemed to be able to impart knowledge and real information on any topic under discussion, whether it was Electricity, Astronomy, Chemistry, History, Philosophy, or Theology.

One day, during this visit, a brother Bishop, lunching with him, asked him the derivation of some slang word. He was puzzled, and said he must look it up; when the other Bishop, his friend of forty years, remarked: "That is the first time I ever asked you a question you could not answer at once."

But I think what impressed me most, during those weeks of almost daily intercourse, was the beauty of his character; and that such a learned and gifted man should be so humble and unconscious of his great gifts.

"Yes, I have read much on many subjects," he would say, if anyone suggested how much he knew, "but I have only a smattering of them all."

He seemed so selfless, always to be thinking of others, and what he could do for them; no trouble seemed too great, if he could give happiness or help to a fellow-creature, however humble; as many a one helped from lowest depths could testify.

Sometimes, however, his kind heart led him to give unwisely, and where not deserved, but he would only say, "Better help one or two undeserving, than pass over one who is in real need."

He was full of fun and humorous stories, yet never at anyone's expense; one could not imagine an unkind word coming from his lips, for he was the soul of kindness: the truest of friends, and generous in thought and action.

A most interesting and kindly host I found him; and when leaving Dublin, in the middle of February, one felt that life had been enriched by intercourse with such a man.

But I little knew, as I left Ireland that cold, wintry morning, what great happiness God was preparing for me, or the happy years I was to spend there.

CHAPTER VIII

Engagement, Letters and Marriage.

THE following April, 1913, the Bishop came to England to fulfil a promise of preaching at Ipswich. After some days there, full of engagements and meetings, he came for a few days to Leamington Spa, on his way home.

His nephew's wife, my niece, Mrs. Slater, had just arrived from India with her two children, and was staying at St. Mark's Vicarage. Finding the Bishop proposed coming for a day or two, my brother (the Vicar) asked him to come to the Vicarage, and join the family party assembled there.

He accepted the invitation, and on the 29th of April he arrived from Ipswich.

In his Diary for the next day, April 30, are these words : "*Dies Aurea—my Golden day. D.G.*"

It was the day of our engagement, "precious beyond all others, I have enjoyed in all my life," he wrote of it afterwards.

Many months later, he told me he had come to my sitting-room, straight from his own room, where for some time he had been engaged in prayer ; so that from the first our union was begun, continued and ended in prayer. He wrote a few days later :

"I thank God again and again for His goodness, and that prayer has been answered so completely ; and I thank Him for the knowledge that my love for you, will certainly draw me closer to Him, so that our mutual love will make us know and love more of His love."

Thus began a union of almost ideal happiness ; of absolute oneness of thought and feeling, of aims and interests. It

seemed to open out to him a new and wonderful life, beyond anything he had imagined possible. As he himself expressed it, "It has made a new man of me."

His daily letters from the day of our engagement till our marriage in August, and afterwards, whenever he was absent in the Diocese, are such a revelation of his inmost thoughts and affection, and of his life with God, that they are too sacred for insertion here. A few extracts, however, may be given.

Finding I was a little alarmed at the responsibility of the life I was to share with him, he wrote :

"I mean to put no big burden on you in Diocesan affairs. I want you to make me good and happy, and do the same for the clergy and their wives that come to us. That will be the highest thing you could possibly do, and I think you will enjoy it. We do not have much organization in our Diocese ; the personal touch is the chief and best thing, and that you will have in a very blessed way. We do not want big gatherings ; one or two at a time, and to make them feel at home, and encourage them in their work. To be your own dear self and to pour out your love and goodness for the refreshment of the souls of others, and my own soul, and to associate brightness with the religion of Jesus Christ, will be your most useful Mission."

Again, May 25, Newcastle, Ballymahon :

"This is a heavenly day, the sun has been shining through its tears, and the emerald green is charming, and the birds are singing and the flowers are so sweet, and so abundant.

"The garden here is magnificent, and is so well kept.

"We had very delightful and helpful services, the church quite full. There is a window here erected to Oliver Goldsmith.¹ It represents an old-world parson on his rounds, who, as he himself expressed it, 'allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.'

"That is what I should like to do, and you will help me,

¹ He was born in 1728, in this parish, of which his father was then curate,

won't you? I did try a little to-day to do it. One of the Mothers, a lady in another parish, waited after service and, with tears in her eyes, thanked me for what I had said. The message went home I feel sure, and some blessing will follow. I shall try to follow it up with prayer. I shall certainly during our time of prayer together to-night, remember each candidate by name, at the Throne of Grace.

"A Bishop has not the same opportunity of personal work that a pastor has, and he suffers from the lack of the reflex help he gets through such effort. But I do yearn after these young souls, that they may be saved and started on the way everlasting."

The Bishop had arranged that while we were separated, we should meet each night at 10.30, for a time of prayer, that we might know we were together in thought. He altered the time later to 11 p.m., as it suited him better. About this he writes:

"I shall be at prayer at 10.30 every night, and be with you at the Throne of Grace. I think I shall join you, too, in your Bible reading, and read the second evening lesson in both the Greek and English, and know that we are having the *same* message from God, for our souls, which will be very happy."

The following day he wrote:

"Before I got your letter this morning, I thought I should write and tell you what a strong and blessed bond of union this act of simultaneous prayer will be to me. Last night, when on my knees, I found wonderful power coming to me, quite a fresh influx of Grace and help: I must also tell you what my most fervent prayer was.

"When I was walking round St. Canice's Cathedral at Kilkenny, the Bishop of Ossory told me he had had an English Dean and his wife staying with him, both well on in years. The very ancient Episcopal Throne of St. Canice is known as a wishing chair, in which you are to sit silently, and wish, but *not express* it. The Dean, when asked afterwards what he had wished, said *he did not know!* When

further pressed for explanation, he said he had wished that whatever wish his dear wife had had might be granted, and he did not know what she had wished for.

“ Well, when praying last night *with you*, I made it my most fervent prayer, that whatever petition you were then putting up for both of us, and for our future work together, might be granted. I felt that we were both holding the same electric chain, which linked us with God, and that He would bless us. It gave me great peace.”

I had written to him, saying I was not feeling so much comfort in prayer of late, and that I found the act of praise more easy. His answer to this was :

“ We used to be told that when we get to Heaven, Faith will be lost in sight, and Prayer in Praise. During this wonderful time we have been having a little bit of Heaven, and Praise is the dominant note. I do not think it *wrong* that it should be so just now, when we have had so many prayers answered. Sometimes we go to our friends, *simply to be with* them, and not to ask them to help us, especially when they *have* been helping us abundantly. I think, too, that Virtue has been going out from you in helping me, and in doing so, perhaps you are suffering yourself in the very sacrifice it demands. It seems to be the way of the Cross, that it costs much to give out love and sympathy. . . . I do not think, therefore, that even though you may have felt dry compared with other moments, your prayer was less efficacious. . . . Again, I think one of the lessons we have to learn, is not to be too dependent on our state of feeling but to go on trusting in the dark, and then we shall come again into the light. I have been so much guided by reason in my life, that I have experienced too little emotion, yet I am capable of deep emotion. . . . It is good for me, I believe, to express it, and I therefore love to write all I feel to you, where I have no fear of misunderstanding. But it is right and necessary to keep the balance.”

Speaking of the ring he was giving me, he says :

“ A friend, not long ago, showed me a ring. It had two

letters on it, and he asked whether I could interpret them. They were two Hebrew letters, Ayin and Daleth. I told him they might mean either 'witness' or 'Eternity.' . . . Your ring will be to us a witness, a pledge of our union; a witness between us both, the same as Galeed or Gilead—a heap of witness, and it is for Eternity. Is not that a happy thought? The ring is an emblem of Eternity."

Again: "I was thinking of you at your meeting to-day, and praying for you. I hope you had a happy time and were helped. It is so nice to think of you in God, and working for Him, and of our being united in the love of Him and of one another."

Again: "Though I have engagements every day, there is no strain upon me, so I can indulge in the joy of writing to you, as I have these days. But it cannot always be so. The disciples would have liked to stay for ever on the Mount of Transfiguration, but our Lord would not have it so; and when they came down from the Mount, there was one at the bottom of the Mount wanting succour. So our work must be done, and I am sure it will be better done, for our having been on the Mount together: and you feel, dearest, as I feel, that His work must be *first*, and that we must deny ourselves a little sometimes, in drinking to the full the cup of happiness He has given us, *for His sake*."

Again he writes:

"I have been at several Committees to-day and have just come from the Divinity Council. The Hostel is going on hopefully. We have also been getting courses for the Theological Exhibition; and the Scripture Courses in the ordinary Curriculum of T.C.D.¹ . . .

"Now, I am going to tell you something which will give you a *good laugh at my expense*.

"When I got home the other evening I found a good many letters awaiting me and requiring attention; and I wrote on until nearly 1.30 a.m., when I had to go out and post them all. I put on my overcoat, and put my latch-key in the

¹ T.C.D., i.e., Trinity College, Dublin.

pocket. I opened the door and found there was a perfect deluge, so on the impulse, threw off my overcoat and put on my waterproof. When I had posted my letters, I returned to 34, F.S., and to my consternation realized that I had left my latch-key in the pocket of my other coat. I rang the bell, and hammered with the knocker, for some ten minutes in a torrent of rain ; but it was all in vain. So I started down town and luckily succeeded in getting into 'The Shelbourne,' though to the night-porter the circumstances must have seemed suspicious. However, he looked over the list, and selected a *disengaged* room.

"We went upstairs, and both plunged in, and turned on the electric light of No. 20 ; when up rose the terrified occupant of the bed, who thought his last hour had come ! The next venture was more successful. I got laughed at on my return in the morning ; but I regard it as a punishment for disobeying my dearest one's order, *not to sit up to the small hours ! . . .*

"Now you can have your laugh, and it will be at *my expense*, for it cost me five shillings, which a wicked clergyman said was the price a husband should have to pay for a good wife (see Prov. xii. 4). 'A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband.'"

A few days later, he writes :

"I think God is blessing us by giving us much of the fruit of the Spirit, which is, *love, joy, peace*. Isaiah says, if we hearken to God's commandments our peace will be like a river. I trust that '*all the days*,' we shall hearken unto His commandments, and have *in its fullness* that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.' . . .

"I have been busy dealing with important questions, relating to Technical Education, and a new scheme of the Incorporated Society. To-morrow I have a meeting about the restoration of the ancient Church of Clonmacnoise.

"This week is full with Diocesan Council, Diocesan Education Board, and a great many meetings, and interviews of various sorts."

Again : " I cannot write more to-day, as I am just off to the County Meath for my Sunday work. And before I go, I must have some time alone with God, asking Him for some message for the dear young people whom I am to confirm, and also for all the congregation to-morrow. There are other things in your letter I should like to refer to, if I could, but I must refrain ; and I should like also to talk of some things I have been reading. Many passages in Fleming's new book ' On Mysticism ' you would enjoy. The striving of some great souls after immediate contact with God, is always peculiarly attractive to me, though, again, their purest emotion may easily become perverted by lack of balance and proportion. My address for Tuesday and Wednesday will be, ' The Palace, Armagh. ' "

From Armagh, where he had gone for the Consecration of Bishop Plunket to the See of Tuam, he wrote :

" I want to have a little time with you before I go to the Cathedral for the Consecration Service. Our party includes, besides the Primate and Mrs. Crozier, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Derry and of Down, the Bishop-elect of Tuam and Mrs. Plunket, the Dean of Armagh, and many others. It is a very pleasant party, and we had quite a congregation for prayers. After the ladies retired I soon stole up to my room, in order that we might have our time of times together, with one another and with God. I prayed—I Thessalonians v. 24—for you, and won't you pray it for me ? It is *that* will join us closer than anything in the whole wide world. I also prayed for N. and for our future. It is spiritual help and strength I want you to pray for *me* chiefly. God has been so good to me, in giving me far more than I could have thought, and crowning it all with the gift of your love. I feel I cannot ask for *more*, except in the spiritual sense ; but there are many belonging to us that need our prayers for all sorts of things.

" Intercessory prayer is a very blessed kind of prayer. You will help me to use it more, for it is a real power.

" This morning we assembled in the beautiful private

chapel at 8.45. It is a building quite close to the Palace, which is one of the stately homes of Ireland, placed in a majestic park, encompassed by hills, and with very fine timber. The chapel is built in the Georgian period, and in the Classical Style. A large contingent will arrive to-day from Dublin and elsewhere, including two more Bishops. My chaplain comes too, and will be entertained by the Primate, with seventy others. How he is going to seat us all I don't know!"

Again, later, he writes :

"I feel as if God was just going to take us each by the hand and lead us along, keeping us together and keeping us right, His being the dominant presence all the time. The undercurrent of love to one another will become intermingled with His love and blessed Presence : and in *that Presence* we shall find the fullness of joy. It is this will make us strong to do, and to suffer what *He* wills. I think we both *do* desire *that*, and feel that it is the only *absolute* end of life. It is delightful to think you will help me to remember it when I may be inclined to forget it. I have never before felt able to express this wish so fully, so unreservedly to anyone ; but it has long been my '*summum bonum*,' though it has been so wretchedly represented in my most inadequate life. I have, indeed, felt thoroughly ashamed of myself in view of my many privileges and opportunities : I ought to be clothed in sackcloth and ashes for my sins of *omission* : they have been appalling."

At the end of May, Mr. T. Gerard, of Gibbstown, died, and the Bishop felt his death much ; he was one of his oldest friends in the Diocese. He writes thus about this event :

"This morning I have received a telegram, announcing the very sudden death of Mr. Gerard, one of our greatest Churchmen in Meath. I have been asked to take the funeral, and as I feel bound to do so, must put off another engagement. His life was a magnificent effort to fear God, honour the King, and to love his neighbour as himself. Few try seriously to do this, and very few of them attain

more than indifferent success ; but he, with God's help and by association with God's Word, was able to attain to a degree of success that makes me feel when I think of him, as if I were looking at a planet through a telescope. I may say he was my own greatest friend in the Diocese. He chose me, long ago, for the parish of Navan, of which I was incumbent so many years, before I became Bishop of the Diocese. He will make an immense gap—but he was in ripe years, and his time for rest had come."

On the day of the funeral, he writes :

"My thoughts have to-day been chiefly occupied with Gibbstown. There was a wonderful funeral, very representative of all classes and creeds. I gave an address in church, and I think you must have been praying for me, for I believe I was helped in what I tried to say on a very solemn occasion ; and owing to the nature of the gathering, it was an important opportunity.

"I have all the impression of it very much on my mind at present. A good and great man has gone : very happy for him after his long service : I went up afterwards to Gibbstown, and had much talk with them. I was especially glad to see Mr. Gerard's sister, Mrs. C., who has lived with him since she lost her husband in 1871. I had a nice talk with her, and I trust I was able to give her comfort in her trial. . . ."

Again he writes :

"I had no chance to-day to write a line, having been at Meetings all day, and my mind has been taking kangaroo jumps from one subject to another without intermission . . . and now I shall have to turn my mind to a mass of letters, which have to be answered, some of them puzzling enough. It will be nice to be able to talk over some of these things when we have been quite made one. One has to stand quite alone in much of one's duty, and to be able to think aloud without any fear of misunderstanding or misrepresentation, will be one of the happy things to look forward to, in the days that are to come."

In June, he was present at the C.M.S. Summer School at Bray, being Chairman at one of the Meetings. He writes :

" We had an excellent address from Canon Cooper, formerly Archdeacon of Calgary, on Colonial work. I made a few remarks at the beginning, and also by way of summing up. Yesterday, we had an excellent Bible Reading on ' Power ' from the Bishop of Cork. I wished you had been with me, for you would have enjoyed it immensely. . . . Then, we had intercession and thanksgiving for China, Japan and Korea. That, too, you would have thoroughly appreciated. It will be nice to go together sometimes to such gatherings. It would double their helpfulness for both of us.

" I was invited to the Rectory for luncheon, and met quite a number of nice people there. Certainly, it is a great joy to be amongst persons who take a real personal interest in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ : and where culture and grace are added to the light that Christ can give to the face and character, you feel a sense of very happy fellowship. Please God we shall experience it *in our home*, and gather round us those who love our Lord and have refined tastes too, though it will be our business to help all sorts and conditions of men, under the leadership of our Blessed Master. . . . "

In answer to one of my letters, he writes :

" Have no fear of the greatness of our affection. Such feelings belong to the shadow cast by Calvinistic theology in its Puritan excess. The saner, calmer, more human, but thoroughly devout temper of the Church of England, in its higher aspects, is less morbid and more wholesome. I have long endeavoured, and I think with good success, to banish from my mind any fear that God would be ready, as it were, to catch us out for every slip we made. Really good and loving parents would never treat their children thus, and God is better and kinder than any earthly parent. I love to quaff Evangelical fervour from our Church Chalice. It is more chaste and pure and freer from morbid elements, which sometimes offend one in other sources, and which

sometimes tainted what would otherwise be very precious old school teaching. We 'are not come to the Mount that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest, but unto Mount Zion . . . and unto the City of the living God . . . and to *Jesus*.'

"I have only partly read my Chapter yet, and have not selected the passage in it, which I should like to turn into prayer. I feel I get the best help out of reading by turning it into prayer, and I want that sort of help in the hurry and scurry of getting through so many engagements. Bishop Butcher's favourite hymn was :

*"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;"*

*"Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street."*

Again :

"The Glory of God and not of ourselves, must be our central aim, and the grand rule of life, 'Whether, therefore, we eat or drink,' etc., will supply us with the right standard of judgment in all things."

"I had the Bishop of Clogher to lunch to-day, one of the Bishops you have already met, he is one of my oldest friends. I have so many letters to write between meetings, that I fear I cannot write any more now. . . ."

In July that year, a family gathering took place again ; this time, at Woolacombe, in Devonshire ; it was a very pleasant and refreshing month. . . . The Bishop had some engagements in London, early in the month, and was able to join the family party at Woolacombe, for a week, before returning to Dublin. . . . He joined in walks and excursions, and greatly added to the pleasure of the whole party.

On his return to Dublin, he wrote :

"I have pleasant memories of every day I spent at Woolacombe, to refresh my spirit with. . . . I am often with you in spirit, though not in bodily presence. . . . Thank Guy for his letter : I am so glad he is pleased with

his boat. I hope it may prove seaworthy, and brave all the waves of Woolacombe. . . .”

The sad news greeted him, on his arrival at home, of the passing away of Miss Pepper, at Wiesbaden, where she and her brother, Colonel Pepper, had gone, to consult an oculist about her blindness.

Of this he writes :

“ I am thankful to be with the Colonel. I am sure he will be pleased to have me with him, for the last sad honour to his beloved one. A lonely house Ballygarth Castle will be now. It is a beautiful old place, and the ancient ruined Church of Ballygarth lies beautifully situated in the grounds : a very sweet God’s acre it makes. Life is, indeed, full of burdens : no one is exempt.

“ The King on his throne, the beggar in the street, each has his burden to bear, his daily cross to carry ! How true this is ! I have been reading over your booklet on ‘ Burdens and their remedy ’ with great enjoyment. It is exceedingly helpful.”

After the funeral he writes :

“ I got down in good time to Laytown, where the carriage met me. I robed in a room in the Castle and then read the Burial Service, assisted by the Rector, Mr. Preston. I am so glad I was there, the Colonel greatly appreciated it. He said he hoped I should *read it over him*. I said, I was sure whichever was the survivor would stand by the other’s graveside. They had a difficult journey : I wonder they accomplished it in time to have the funeral to-day. He comes here on Thursday, to have a good talk. . . . I have an immense number of meetings to fit in during the next few days. On Friday I have interviews with several of my clergy ; I preach at Dalkey on Sunday. . . .”

Again : “ The meetings to-day were *interesting* and satisfactory ; I had more to do owing to the shortage of Bishops, most of whom are away this month.”

Again : “ Sir Henry Lunn has just sent me a little devotional book which he has compiled. Very nice it seems, with

some litanies and helpful readings from the 'Practice of the Presence of God,' and other like books. . . . May *that practice* ever be ours more and more, as we live together. . . . Many interviews with my clergy, and a pile of correspondence, form my 'Menu' for to-day. . . ."

Again: "After writing steadily to-day for five or six hours, I took a walk with Charlie. It was a saunter round some of the roads familiar to us 'when we were boys,' and we indulged in reminiscences and observations very pleasant indeed. At the Club to-day a stranger from Bath asked Charlie who the Bishop was who was the double of Dr. Johnson, the Lexicographer! Was it, think you, the intellectuality of my countenance or the rotundity of my person that suggested the analogy? That is the question! So now you know who and what sort your husband will be. . . ."

July 19, he writes:

"This morning I went to the Incorporated Society, and the Erasmus Smith Board, and transacted important business of an educational character. I then wrote and wrote. If I told you the one hundred and one things of various sorts I have to deal with these days, I should fill sheets, but I am getting through and getting on, and I hope to be fairly free before this day month. . . . Now I must prepare for Sunday. I have been looking at the Second lesson, which contains the story of St. Paul's conversion, and the Heavenly Vision, which I shall probably take for my subject. . . ."

Speaking of a decision which had to be made about taking another house in Dublin, he writes:

"It is these secondary influences which play so great a part in human affairs, that make it difficult sometimes to know whether you are only following the dictates of human wisdom, or accepting a real Divine Guidance. . . . But in any case I believe God overrules things, and has a wonderful way of bringing good out of evil. I trust that will be the way in matters of world-wide importance, such as the present awful Balkan imbroglio, with its untold woe and suffering

“ These mysteries we may one day better understand, but they run through the whole of life, and even touch such trifling matters as our own little choices of action in everyday life ; even the selection of our future Dublin home. . . .

“ I have had an Institution since the above was written, and have instituted a Rector, and I feel satisfied with the appointment. M. is a good fellow, a cultured gentleman, and a man of thought. These are great points in days like these. I have also had more interviews, called at the C.M.S. Office ; and attended the meeting of the Charitable Commissioners.”

Again, he writes :

“ I have to-day to provide for duty in four different parishes, owing to vacancies, and to illness. It is difficult just now when so many men are away taking their holidays. I am going to Moyclare myself (D.V.). I am trying also to recover, for our Educational Funds, some moneys left about one hundred years ago ; the Trustees being all dead long ago. It will involve a lot of correspondence and trouble, but some one must undertake it.

“ I am trying also to push on the restoration of Clonmacnoise Church. I am most anxious to get the work done before the summer has passed. I wish one had not so much of this secular work to look after, as it distracts the mind from higher things, but it must be attended to, and is important. Lord Longford was telling me, that when in London for the Home Rule discussion, he looked up Charrington, who made such sacrifices for the Temperance cause, and who is now working in Whitechapel. Lord Longford addressed two or three meetings of two and three hundred, both men’s meetings and women’s meetings.

“ He also gave a breakfast to a lot of poor people. I am glad to think he was trying to help while in London ; he has the love of God in his heart, which is a great blessing.”

Again : “ I have been hearing good accounts of the man we appointed to E. This gratifies me, as if the right men

are placed in charge of the parishes, all goes well, and my mind is freed from great anxiety. If we have true-hearted pastors at work amongst us, we may feel assured of God's blessing resting upon us, and on our labours. I did not write so much yesterday, and so do not feel fagged, as I rather did last Sunday : so I felt happier in preaching to-day. We had a nice congregation this morning, and I felt I had something of a message.

"To-day I took a walk in Phoenix Park, and enjoyed the beautifully arranged flower-beds in the People's Garden. It is a great thing that the poor can have such a garden to visit, with most comfortable seats, and a lovely view of the mountains. A prince could not have anything better. The place is quiet by the time I get there, and, like Isaac, I meditate at eventide. You would have enjoyed the stroll with me this evening : Nature appeared so beautiful and restful ; but we shall have nature in other moods to enjoy when we get to Beatenberg, for nature has plenty of moods—certainly, the sea has.

"Charlie is certainly better. I dined at the Club to-night, and the conversation there is always entertaining and instructive too. . . ."

In the beginning of August, he was asked to go to Killiney Castle, to meet the young King of Uganda and one of his Chiefs, travelling with him. Of this he writes :

"I have had a very interesting afternoon spent in the company of Daudi Chwa, Kabaka or King of Uganda, and the second highest chief in his dominions, Mukasa. Mrs. Ormsby Hamilton had asked a few friends to meet them ; I had to be their chief interviewer. The King is only seventeen years of age. He has just spent some time with Bishop Tucker, at Durham, and has visited London and other places, as well as Edinburgh. I have got his autograph and that of his Chief ; and he has mine.

"George Pilkington, who translated their Bible, came from my Diocese ; his sister Mrs. Joly is with us still. A photograph was taken of us, the King sitting between Mr.

and Mrs. Hamilton, I between Mrs. Hamilton and the Chief ; others standing behind us.

" They are putting the handrail to the kitchen stairs to-day. Did you ever see Simeon's rooms at Cambridge ? They put up a special handrail for him, and they called it, ' The Saint's rest.'

" I think Charlie is rather better, but the doctor is sending him to Woodhall Spa for treatment there. The course is three weeks, so I much fear he cannot be with us on the 20th ; and we may have to find a proxy for him. I shall be rather forlorn without him ; no man to stand by me, a solitary Irishman at the mercy of so many English folk ! I should be proud to have Charlie with me, if he was at all fit, as he is the scholar of the family, and always shines in society. He is not as heavy in hand as I am."

The clergy of the Diocese had most kindly subscribed to give the Bishop a wedding present. This consisted of a silver tea and coffee service (Queen Anne pattern) and was very handsome. The Bishop refers to this in his next letter :

" The presentation is over. Eight of the clergy came on deputation, and the silver service looks beautiful.

The Dean occupied the chair, the Archdeacon made the speech, to which I replied, as well as I could.

" I promised to send a letter to all the kind subscribers, which comprise every clergyman in the Diocese, and a few who have left it. There was a little addition of a case with half-a-dozen silver teaspoons, specially as a present for *you* in the presentation. I told them how warm a welcome they would receive, whenever they came to 34, and that nothing would please us better than to see much of them, and confer in regard to the work, which rests upon us all, as our great responsibility before God. . . . I am finding the days too short for all the work that has to be done.

" Some, I think, take their burdens very easily. If they cast them upon God, it may be a blessed thing, but if

they cast them off altogether, it is scarcely to be praised.

"I am very busy, and have a quantity of miscellaneous business, of all sorts, so I am not quite out of the wood, though I can see the light breaking, which shows I am nearing the outskirts. . . . My letters are chiefly, as is natural, about administration, and problems of all sorts, that have to be dealt with. Time is whirling us along towards *the day*, upon which may God's light shine! It is very nice to think of having a little while free of business affairs, when we can just wander or rest as the spirit moves us, and have talks and reading together, and enjoy the pleasures of travel, for a few weeks. . . . I trust God will give us a happy and refreshing time, and that He will make our union a joy to us both, and a help to others, and all whom we meet everywhere."

In the last letter he wrote, at this time, he quotes the following words, as rather his own experience of his past and present life :

"It is not by adding to our knowledge, but by understanding us, that women are our helpers. They understand us far better than men do. Men are so occupied by their personal work and thoughts ; but a woman, by her divine sympathy—divine, indeed, since it was given by God for this,—can enter into our inmost thoughts and make allowances for all our difficulties. The intellectual life is sometimes a fearfully solitary one ; unless he lives in a great capital, the man devoted to that life, is more than all men liable to suffer from isolation, to feel utterly alone, beneath the deafness of space, and the silence of the stars ; give him one friend who understands him, who will not leave him, who will always be accessible by day and night, one friend, one kindly listener, just one, and the whole universe is changed. It is deaf and indifferent no longer, ' it seems as if all men and angels listened also, so perfectly is his thought mirrored in the light of her answering eyes.' "

We were married at St. Mark's Church, Leamington Spa, on August 20, by my two brothers, Canon Sidney and

Canon Bertram Streatfeild. It was a day of bright sunshine, typical of the happiness of our short married life of six years.

Though the service was early in the morning, and intended to be very quiet, the church was quite full, at a still earlier hour. Only a few near relatives were with us. We both enjoyed the service, and felt God to be very present with us, blessing our union.

CHAPTER IX

Home Life and Work—Visits to Belfast and Armagh— Letters—1913-1914.

THE month spent in Switzerland was delightful. The Bishop, an old traveller, thoroughly enjoyed it, and was an excellent travelling companion, his love of the beautiful making him enjoy to the full the lovely scenery, while the language, whether French or German, was quite easy to him.

His first plan was a much more extended tour, including the Tyrol and Cortina ; but, thinking this would be rather fatiguing, with his usual thoughtful consideration, he altered it to less travelling, and decided on a more restful tour. We therefore went first to St. Beatenberg on Lake Thun, where, from the Victoria Hotel, we looked upon those three giant snow mountains, the Jungfrau, the Mönch and the Eiger, and gloried in the lovely sunrises and sunsets, which were sights never to be forgotten.

We went on later to Mürren, where Colonel Pepper joined us for a few days. From Mürren the Bishop was able to manage the ascent to the Eismeer, by the Jungfrau Railway, a thing he had much wished to do. He greatly enjoyed the expedition, especially the wonderful views on the way up the mountain.

After a most refreshing and restful month abroad, and a few days with friends in England, we crossed to Dublin, and began our home life together at 34, Fitzwilliam Square, which was to be our home for the next four years.

Soon after our return, the Bishop had to go to Belfast,

to an important meeting, at which he and the Primate were to speak. Some cousins of mine at Orangefield, near Belfast, asked us to stay with them for it, which we gladly did, and had a very pleasant few days. There was a large house party, including the late Primate Crozier, whom I then met for the first time. This was a great pleasure, for from their College days he had been a dear friend of the Bishop's; genial and charming, with a fund of stories, he greatly added to the pleasure of this visit.

Our kind host motored us about and showed us some of the interesting places round, especially the splendid "City Hall," of which the Belfast people are so justly proud.

A busy winter of work followed: whenever it was possible, I accompanied my husband as he went about his Diocese, for he was anxious that I should get to know his dear people, whether lay or clerical, and so be able more fully to understand and share his work and interests. In this way we had some happy visits together, in the Diocese, and I soon got to know many of his friends, and to feel they were my friends also, for I had a warm welcome, for his sake, wherever I went.

When he was away alone, he wrote a daily account of everything, as for example: "An excellent congregation to-day, I was in fair heart preaching, and much hope and trust that some seed was sown to the Glory of God."

Besides the work of the Diocese, and the letters that needed answering each day, the Bishop was on numerous committees which he attended regularly; also meetings and Boards of many kinds.

A favourite recreation of his was to be present from time to time at the musical recitals given by the Royal Dublin Society, on Monday afternoons during the winter months, for he loved music, and played a little himself on the piano and the American organ.¹

Writing of one of these afternoons, he says: "I have

¹ His much prized and beautiful American organ is now in Aldbraccan Church, given to that parish in memory of him.

just heard Herr Sapellnikoff give a pianoforte Recital. It was a perfectly amazing performance, an incredible mastery of the instrument. I did not wait for the end, as it was to last for an hour and three-quarters ! I drew the line at an hour and a quarter, as I had letters to write. I shall be kept busy these days, as they are full of meetings."

An occasional lecture was also a great pleasure to the Bishop, and he would sometimes attend one at the Royal Dublin Society. They were a great refreshment to him.

In February, 1914, we had the pleasure of receiving Bishop Willis, of Uganda, for a few days. He came to speak at the annual C.M.S. Meeting, and the Bishop much enjoyed talking to him on many Missionary problems ; among others that of Kikuyu, just then much in the minds of Churchmen. He liked to find out what was the feeling of those in the Mission Field, at the heart of things, about those problems which puzzled the Church at home and to see every point of view, and both sides of every question under discussion. His big brain always seemed to take in both sides of a subject, so that he never pronounced an opinion hastily, or unconsidered.

In the spring of this year (1914) we went for a few days to stay with the Primate and Mrs. Crozier, at Armagh, for the Bishop to take a " Quiet Day " for the clergy of that Diocese, and to preach in the Cathedral on Sunday.

The palace, a stately house, surrounded by a beautiful, well-timbered park and grounds, has been the home of many Primates, whose portraits adorn the big entrance hall. In the grounds are the picturesque ruins of the old Abbey, once a fine building. The chapel, built in the time of the Georges, is close to the house, but not part of it ; and there, the Bishop gave his Addresses to the Clergy. The Primate remarked afterwards, " They could not have been better."

In September of this year, he visited some of the parishes in King's County, and among others Rahan. The church there is ancient and interesting : part of it, with the stone

roof, dating from before the Anglo-Norman invasion. It had lately been restored. He went on the next day, to institute Dean Hamilton to be Dean of Clonmacnoise.

The old church of Temple Connor, at Clonmacnoise, is very ancient ; it had just been very well restored. The Bishop writes of this visit :

" We have had two successful days, a very nice service and good congregation at Rahan yesterday, and a crowded congregation to-day ; many standing. The church at Clonmacnoise is beautifully restored, and quite a gem. I dedicated the gifts, and then installed the Dean, and all seemed much pleased with the service. I felt happier than usual in delivering the addresses, and have had talks with a good many people, from many parishes. I wish you could have been at both places ; but I am quite sure *yesterday* would have proved altogether too much ! "

The Dean writes of this Institution :

" In 1914, the Bishop did me the honour of making me Dean of Clonmacnoise, on the death of Dean Campbell : and we had the great privilege of seeing the work of restoration of the old church carried out, and the church reopened. There was a large congregation on the opening day, although the day was stormy. The Bishop preached a beautiful sermon, full of information about Clonmacnoise and its missionary history, from the time of its foundation by St. Kieran, A.D. 544. After the service, the Bishop installed me as Dean, and I felt proud to be one of the links in the historic chain stretching back to the dawn of Christianity in Ireland.

" The Bishop looked upon the opening of this church as one of the bright spots of his Episcopate, and it gave him great pleasure. He was proud of these old Christian shrines, as they show the historic continuity of the Church of Ireland. He was not only interested in the church fabrics, he was above all anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of his clergy and people."

In the late autumn, the Bishop took the chair at a meeting

at which Mr. John Edge, K.C., read a very interesting paper, in which he compared two historical characters—

“Horace Walpole, the great Letter-writer, and Samuel Johnson, the great Talker.”

A few days later, I received the following letter from Mr. Edge, which, as it gives another side of my husband's character, is inserted :

“16, CLYDE ROAD,

“November 24, 1914.

“DEAR MRS. KEENE,—

“Your husband is the most amiable and the most learned man combined, I ever met. His amiability came naturally, he could not be disagreeable, even if he wished it. As to his learning, Sir Thomas Moffett, late President of Galway College, used to say, ‘All Keene had to do was to walk into the Hall and get a Fellowship at Trinity. He was First in Science, Classics, Mathematics, Moral Philosophy and Hebrew, but he preferred the Ministry of Christ.’ I merely tell you all this, he is so modest, he would never tell it himself. His amiability was shown in coming out last Monday evening to please me, Chancellor White, and the whole District. He made the little gathering a success.

“Yours sincerely,

“JOHN EDGE.”

The Bishop's sweetness of temper was a marked trait of his character : those who lived with him seldom saw his temper even ruffled, though he was often much tried by troublesome letters and difficult problems. Another characteristic was his perfect sincerity and absolute truthfulness. He always seemed to speak “the truth in his heart.”

Once writing to a friend, he said : “I never paid a compliment to anyone in my life. Through fear of going beyond the bounds of sincerity, I have constantly refrained from revealing what I have felt.”

He had very high ideals of life and duty, and in every-

thing made God's Will paramount in the ordering of his life and work. In the most natural way, without any strain, he seemed to live in a higher atmosphere than most of us. As one of his clergy expressed it: "To be in his presence was to be uplifted."

But although a busy worker throughout his career, the life of constant stir and active work was alien to his natural temperament, which would, if indulged, have led him to spend most of his time in the study and in the companionship of his beloved books.

Generous as he was, and loving to spend on others, his own tastes were very simple; he could not bear anything like display. Tennyson's words in his "Ode to the Duke of Wellington" might have been applied to him:

"And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

CHAPTER X

Professor Keene's Illness and Death—European War—
Letter to Diocese—Confirmations—Temperance—1915.

THE year 1915 began sadly for the Bishop, for his beloved and only surviving brother, Professor Charles Keene, who had long been in bad health, was becoming worse, and causing much anxiety to his family.

In December, 1914, the account had been very bad, and the Bishop had gone to Cork to see him. He wrote from there :

" Charlie is more like himself ; we have had a great talk " ; and next day : " The rain has been so violent I did not go to the Cathedral this morning, but had a little service with Charlie here, and a nice talk about better things. I went to the Cathedral this afternoon ; the anthem, ' The radiant Morn,' was very sweet. Lord Justice Cherry sat in front of me. He has the Cork Assizes on just now."

Professor Keene was able to move up to Dublin, to his own rooms in St. Stephen's Green, before Christmas, but only as an invalid ; he knew he would never return to Cork ; and in January the Bishop again went down to Cork, to arrange matters, and have his brother's furniture and books sent to Dublin. He writes from " The Palace, Cork," where he was staying :

" I travelled with Archdeacon and Mrs. Walsh as far as Blarney, and had a good deal of chat. There was sunshine part of the way, which made me regret you could not enjoy it with me, but in Cork it is rain, rain, rain. The Dowses kindly greatly regret your absence. It has been a great

disappointment to us both, but I trust we shall have some nice little trip together before long, to make amends. I don't like to think of my lonely wife this evening. . . . Cheer up, Dear, we hope in God's loving kindness to keep together all the days; and then, there will be a glorious vision, and a fresh spell of union with one another, and with Him."

After a few weeks of breathlessness and pain, borne with great patience, and cheered and comforted by the Bishop's daily visits, Professor Keene passed away on February 14. The last two nights the Bishop never left him, and was with him to the last. For weeks he had not been able to lie down, on account of his heart, and he died sitting in his chair.

The Bishop felt his death keenly, for the two brothers were deeply attached, and had much in common, both being good scholars, added to which Charles Haines Keene was a most genial and delightful companion, with the same fund of humour and of anecdotes that the Bishop had.

The *Irish Times* the next day said of him: "Deceased had been Professor of Greek in University College, Cork, since 1909, and resigned that position a short time ago owing to ill-health. Born in 1847, he received his early education at Rathmines School, later passing to Trinity College, where he won several distinctions. He was a noted Classical scholar, and tours, which he made from time to time, through Egypt, Nubia, Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Europe, were largely for the purpose of classical and archæological research. He was the author of numerous publications, most of them classical. For fourteen years before 1909, he had been Professor of Greek in the Queen's College, Cork; and also Classical Examiner to the Royal University of Ireland for eleven years. He was prominently connected with the Royal Society of Antiquaries in Ireland, and other learned societies. An earnest Churchman, full of zeal and kindness, his death will evoke much regret."

For a time the Bishop's health seemed to suffer a good

deal, and his work became more of a labour to him. But before long he resumed it with his usual earnest devotion to duty.

Visiting Mullingar during this winter he writes :

" There were fine congregations. The morning Parade Service filled the church.¹ There was also a large congregation in the morning at 11.30, consisting chiefly of the ordinary parishioners. In the evening Dr. Seymour preached well to the soldiers, who nearly filled the church. It is nice to see them coming so well voluntarily. Most of our Prayer Cards are now distributed among them : some Roman Catholics have taken the prayer ; we trust good may come out of it all. They are a nice lot of men, chiefly from Hants. . . . It was nice to think I have your prayers with me all these days. For the time being, Mullingar is the most interesting parish in the Diocese ; and one would like to help the men."

The Great European War of 1914-18 was a deep and continual sorrow to the Bishop. He felt the whole thing acutely ; and he followed every movement of the Allies, day by day, with intense interest, and at times, with depression, when the news from the Front was disastrous. Still, knowing that our cause was righteous, he felt that in the end victory would be ours, though the cost of victory would be terrible and the loss of life tremendous. Several of his valued friends in the Diocese laid down their lives : Lord Longford, Major Collins, and many others, whose death caused him great personal sorrow, as well as inflicting serious loss upon the Diocese. Realizing the need of more prayer, national, public and private, he continually urged this need upon his people.

In the first month of the War (August, 1914) he had written a letter to his Diocese, which may be given here, as showing his own feeling on the subject.

¹ A Hampshire Regiment was just then quartered at Mullingar Barracks. During the War a regiment was usually stationed there.

"To My Clergy and People.

" 34, FITZWILLIAM SQUARE,

" DUBLIN,

" August 12, 1914.

" MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

" This has been a year of dark shadows. Clouds of social unrest and political antagonisms have menaced the peace and prosperity of our dear land.

" Never surely in the history of our country has there been a more urgent occasion for prayer to Almighty God. But the troubles which are now involving ourselves and the whole of Europe in conflict have diverted our thought from the anxieties which have beset us at home to the greater dangers from abroad.

" I trust therefore that the call to Prayer which has been issued by their Graces the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin may be universally and heartily responded to by all our people in my Diocese of Meath.

" A Form of Intercession and Prayer has been appointed for use in all the churches of the Church of Ireland on Wednesday, August 19, when I hope all the members of our Church may make an effort to be present.

" Collects have been supplied for use in the ordinary services of the Church, which I earnestly trust you will make constant use of also in your private prayer and family worship.

" We can, thank God, meet in His House to plead for our King and Country and for success to our arms, without misgivings of heart. We are convinced that our cause is a righteous cause. It has only been after earnest and unceasing efforts for the maintenance of peace that England has unsheathed the sword. She resorts to the sad arbitrament of war with no purpose of self-aggrandisement, but in honourable fulfilment of solemn obligations and in the defence of the weak against the tyranny of the strong. The war may even be necessary for self-preservation. The

Intercession and Collects prepared well express the desire of every heart.

"While we deplore the inevitable sorrow that war must bring to many a home, let us pray that it may have the chastening effect of teaching us lessons which our nation needs to learn. Selfishness and self-indulgence, a too absorbing devotion to pleasure, the disposition to give the call to duty a secondary place in life, an inclination to shirk the burden of responsibility; these are the prevailing sins of the day. The present crisis is a trumpet call to higher and nobler ideals, and we believe the call will not come in vain, and that we shall all be braced to holier effort, and a more loyal service to God and man.

"May we not hope too that the presence of a common danger will awaken fresh sympathies, increase the sense of unity, and mitigate the bitterness of spirit that too often separates class from class and man from man. Let us pray that thus in God's mercy seeds may be sown which may bring forth good fruit in days to come, and that so good may come even out of so dread an evil.

"Yours faithfully in Christ,
"J. B. MEATH."

After instituting a new Rector to a living, he writes:

"I trust that the Guiding Hand has been with us. When prayer has been offered, and when circumstances seem to lead, we may have faith that it may be so indeed, and you have helped me to that happy confidence. It is immensely consoling to believe it, and it relieves the mind of the burden, which is so heavy otherwise to be borne."

In May he wrote from Tullamore:

"I came here through miles and miles of bog from Banagher, where I preached yesterday. We have had a fine congregation, and a nice set of candidates, twenty-nine in number; the service was a happy one. One Roman Catholic mother was present, which I thought remarkable. The Dean and Archdeacon and many of the clergy were

present, and came to tea afterwards. They were much disappointed you could not come with me."

This was one of a number of Confirmations the Bishop took in May on the west side of the Diocese. He usually confirmed in the two parts of the Diocese, east and west, in alternate years. Of this tour the Dean of Clonmacnoise wrote to me on May 10, 1914:

"I am glad you had a nice restful time while the Bishop was on his Confirmation tour. You will like to know that the general feeling is that he has never been so helpful and impressive in his Confirmation Addresses as this year: and I believe his tour in the west was greatly blessed. I am sure this was his earnest wish and prayer."

Of all his Episcopal work, the Bishop loved best his Confirmations. He was especially happy in his Addresses on these occasions, and always seemed to reach the young hearts before him. I had been present at many Confirmations for years, but the first time I heard him give a Confirmation Address, I was much struck with it. He generally gave two at each Confirmation. He spoke as a father to his children, and was so deeply in earnest to help those young souls, just starting on their life's journey; and so anxious to win them to a full surrender to Christ of their whole life service. It was all so tender and loving, so simple and clear to the youngest among them.

During the War he was constantly asked to take Confirmations among the soldiers, just off to the Front, both in Dublin and at the Curragh. His whole heart was in these services, for he knew how soon some of these young lives might be called to make the Great Sacrifice for King and Country.

After one of these Military Confirmations, the Senior Chaplain said to me: "Really your husband seemed to be positively inspired the other day in addressing our soldiers at their Confirmation."

Many of those he confirmed were, we believe, helped to decide for God, and to yield their lives to His Service.

Doubtless, he has met many in that Home to which he has gone.

The following letter on the same subject may be given here. During the last year that Primate Alexander was at Armagh, he asked the Bishop of Meath to take some of his Confirmations for him, as they were beyond his strength at that time. After one of these Confirmations, he wrote to my husband :

“ MY DEAR LORD AND BROTHER,—

“ I wish you had been in my library at Armagh on Wednesday last. H—— of D—— came over to tell me of your great Confirmation. He really said that it stood out among *all* Church functions in which he ever took part ; that you spoke as if inspired to the young hearts, and through them to the old, simply, but with divine unction. Thank you a thousand times. . . .

“ Yours with much regard,

“ WILLIAM ARMAGH.”

In June, 1915, the Bishop went down to Athlone, where the new Rector and his wife were just getting into their Rectory. He, therefore, put up at an hotel in the town. He writes from there :

“ On my way down, I got a copy of *Land and Water*, and so have acquainted myself with the latest news Mr. Hilaire Belloc gives of the War. He considers the loss of Lemberg rather serious, on account of the railway system and the oil fields there. I also read some very nice chapters of a book written by a good man named Isaiah, and derived much satisfaction from the consideration that he was in contact with a higher source of wisdom and goodness ! Being in an hotel gives one the Continental sense of being a voyageur, which was intensified by finding that the first thing I had to do was to *register* myself, and give a description of my Episcopal self. I have not, however, been asked for a passport ! ”

The Bishop was often asked to open the Winter Session of the Men's Society at Clara, in King's County : he enjoyed these gatherings, and went when it was possible for him to do so. Sometimes he would give them a lecture, illustrated with lantern slides (often taken by himself), and tell them of his travels in various parts of Europe, or in Palestine. These meetings were much appreciated by his audience. On one of these occasions he writes next day :

“ THE DEANERY,

“ CLARA.

“ The meeting was at eight last night, a fine muster of men : and they seemed pleased with the whole thing. Mr. Lewis Goodbody was in the chair ; and the Presbyterian clergyman proposed a vote of thanks. The Dean seconded it ; they both spoke beautifully ; the Dean's picture of the return of Peace was very ravishing. I was feeling somewhat depressed yesterday, but I don't think I manifested that in any way in my address. The terrible and wicked things that are happening are, no doubt, allowed by Divine permission, but I can scarcely think they are God's ordering. He can bring good out of evil, but it is evil. I have no doubt that in the end we shall survive and prove superior, but it will be a much changed England ; we hope a better land than it has been.”

The Bishop would, from time to time, give lantern lectures to the boys at Wilson's Hospital. He once gave a very interesting one at St. Bartholomew's Schoolroom, in Dublin, on the historical scenes he had visited on the Mediterranean coast, and the Monasteries of the Greek Church. The lecture was full of information, and the slides were excellent, while the personal touch made the whole thing delightful. Palestine was another favourite subject, which always gave pleasure to his listeners.

During the War, the Bishop took for a time the English *Times* newspaper, in addition to his usual Irish papers, in order that he might get as many details as possible, and

perhaps gain some fresh light on the subject, so terribly interesting to every loyal citizen. After a few weeks, however, feeling that he was spending too much time on the news of the day, just then so intensely absorbing, he discontinued the paper, although its articles had deeply interested him. But whatever he felt to be the right thing, even in little things, must be done, at any cost.

Owing to a brother's serious illness, I went to England to see him for a few days, in December. During my absence the Bishop wrote.

"34, FITZWILLIAM SQUARE,

"December 8, 1915.

"It must be very trying to witness the fading away of one so dear to you. Evidently death will now be a release.¹ It recalls the experiences of February last, and of C.'s last hours. A solemn time. . . . I am very glad you have seen S. It will be a comfort to you afterwards, even if you cannot have much communion—and your visit will do M. good in her long-drawn-out vigil. These bodies of our humiliation are very humiliating. I am sure the glorious body will prove to be a grand exchange."

And next day he wrote:

"I hope S. was more himself to-day, and that you had a happy Communion. I am sure you always enter into the 'Till He come,' with which it is linked. It is a dismally wet day, but L. W. has been giving me valuable help in the issuing of the Synod Address to the laity. I have just written a number of letters. Professor Browne, Charlie's colleague, was with me to-day, we had a learned discussion about the nine Minoan periods in Greece, the Mycenaean ages, the Behistun inscriptions, etc., etc. Then I took a good solid walk along the Sandymount Strand, and reviewed the scene of our walk in January, 1913."

The Bishop was much interested in Temperance work.

¹ This brother made a remarkable recovery, and has outlived the Bishop.

A life abstainer himself, he felt the importance of the subject for the clergy, and advocated it whenever he had the opportunity. From a circular letter he wrote to his clergy on this topic, I quote the following :

“ 34, FITZWILLIAM SQUARE,
 “ *February 11, 1915.*

“ REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—

“ I wish to remind you that the first Sunday in Lent has for many years been generally observed as a suitable occasion on which the important cause of Temperance should be brought before our people. Never was earnest and sympathetic interest in this great cause more necessary than now. Serious injury is, alas! being done to many of the soldiers who are so bravely defending our country, by the criminal thoughtlessness of friends, who tempt them to indulge in strong drink ; the conscience of our country needs an awakening.

“ The opinions expressed by our great Generals and great Churchmen should surely have much weight with all thinking persons. And I think the Edict of the Czar abolishing the sale of vodka offers a notable and impressive example to other nations.

“ Intemperance has, in my belief, done more to undermine the physical, moral and spiritual well-being of our nation than any other sin. I trust, therefore, that on the first or some other Sunday in Lent, you will invite the earnest co-operation of your people in this great cause.

“ Yours faithfully in Christ,
 “ J. B. MEATH.”

In another letter to his clergy, in 1917, he says, writing on this subject :

“ The promotion of the Temperance cause has become a question of urgent and vital national importance. The Church should be a leader of public opinion in this matter. As a Diocese, we have not borne the witness that might be

expected from us. Some are keenly interested in Temperance reform, but every parish should have enthusiastic helpers, in a cause which so intimately concerns the life of the nation.

"I, therefore, heartily welcome and commend an effort now being made by our Diocesan Committee. They have asked some of our clergy to undertake to give addresses on the subject of Temperance, in their own immediate neighbourhood. This will, I hope, develop personal interest and mutual co-operation.

"I ask you to assist the Secretary in arranging for meetings and to do all in your power to make them a success.

"May I add that the instruction of our children in Temperance principles is, in my opinion, the most important work that can be done by the clergy in the Temperance cause. I trust you will spare no effort to the accomplishment of this end.

"Yours faithfully in Christ,
"J. B. MEATH."

On this point he was most insistent that children should be brought up abstainers, and be taught, in early life, the principles of Temperance.

On first going to live in Ireland, I was greatly struck and pleased to find how many of the Bishops and clergy who, from time to time, visited us, were abstainers. It seemed more general there, than in England, before the War.

The following remarkable words on the value of Temperance, taken from an ancient record, were copied and sent by the Bishop, in a letter to a friend. They are worth recording here.

"INTEMPERANCE"

"Kakemmi, who lived in Egypt under King Sneferu, of the 3rd Dynasty, nearly 3,000 years before the days of Moses, said: 'Contemptible is he who is the slave of his lust and passes his time in idleness. Flee intemperance,

for a glass of water suffices to quench thirst, and a mouthful of melon to restore the heart. How repugnant it is to see a man lose his thought and become no longer master of his words. In truth, he is the shame of his mother, and of his neighbours. Every one cries out, 'Oh! that thou canst do so.' "

CHAPTER XI

Rebellion—Workers' Association—Letters—Devotional Day
—Letter to Clergy—National Mission—1916.

WHEN the Rebellion of April, 1916, broke out we were staying in West Meath, for the Bishop to preach and confirm, making our headquarters at Wilson's Hospital, Multyfarnham. We only intended to be away from Dublin for a few days ; but we were unable to return home for more than a fortnight, owing to the unrest still existing in Dublin and its neighbourhood. We were thankful to be in such hospitable quarters, and the Warden and Mrs. de Vere White always rejoiced to have the Bishop staying with them. Having come down in the motor, my husband was able to continue his work and to visit some of the parishes in the neighbourhood.

But though at the moment it was a relief to be away from Dublin, we felt anxious about our friends there and for the servants left in charge at home, for the danger of going into the streets, even to get food, was great ; and we could receive no tidings of them, because for many days there were no posts, nor even newspapers, all communication with the rest of the country being cut off. Afterwards we heard that our elderly cook had ventured out early each morning to procure food for the family ; saying " no one would touch an old woman ! "—forgetting that stray shots are no respecters of old or young, and that the rebels constantly shot from the roofs of the houses. Indeed, though they were mercifully preserved in safety, they often heard the Sinn Feiners on the roof over their heads, and for many days they scarcely dared to leave the house, even though Fitzwilliam Square was outside the real danger zone.

It was sad on our return to Dublin to find how much destruction had been wrought in that beautiful city. Many houses were in ruins, the Post Office, a particularly fine building, being left with nothing but its walls standing; and Sackville Street, one of the broadest streets in any Capital, and the pride of the Dublin people, was partly in ruins. There, in part of the King's dominions, one saw the same spirit of destruction and hatred that was at that very time laying waste the cities of France; one felt almost transported to the seat of War, and to the ruins of one of those distant towns, devastated by German cruelty.

Towards the end of May the Bishop made a Confirmation tour in Meath; and from Navan he writes:

"We had a fine congregation and thirty-five candidates. I think the service was happy and helpful and I hope God blessed the word spoken. We must pray that God's Spirit may work good work in the hearts of the young people presented. A great many clergy were present. I hope you have not felt lonely: you have had the Great Companion with you, and that links us together wherever we are. I am glad you have declined the invitation for the week-end. I have to write something for a meeting at Trim on Tuesday, and to prepare a sermon for Sunday, besides other work, so I shall require some quiet time."

This summer (1916), Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, who had rented Bishops court for some years, were obliged to leave, as Mr. Sullivan was appointed to another part of Ireland. We were, therefore, able, from this time, till 1919, to spend part of each summer at Bishops court: while there, the Bishop visited the parishes in the neighbourhood and preached each Sunday in the different churches. But as most of the meetings and committees were held in Dublin, he had to go there, from time to time, sometimes remaining a night or two. On one of these occasions he writes:

"September, 1916.

"Judge Wakeley, my new Chancellor, was with me for

an hour this morning. The Dean of Belfast is coming to tea now ; I had a good deal of business in the morning in connection with educational schemes, etc., which had to be done. . . . It will be nice to see you soon again, and in our Country home. It is a good house, and if it were closer to Navan, would be freer from difficulties that surround it now. I am rather hurried with various things to think of, but I hope to get to my sermon to-night."

For many years, it was the custom of the Bishop to invite the members of his Church Workers' Association for Women to meet in Dublin, for a day of devotion and conference. These gatherings generally took place in June ; and began with the Holy Communion and an address at St. Anne's Church, Dawson Street, at noon.

In the afternoon addresses were given in the Molesworth Hall, sometimes on work at home, sometimes on Missionary work abroad, the Bishop always presiding. Luncheon and tea were given in the Hall, as the Bishop's house was at some distance. These meetings were generally well attended and were greatly valued for the spiritual help given : and also for the opportunity it gave for workers from the scattered parishes to meet once a year in conference. These devotional days continued, until the third year of the War made travelling very difficult, so that few in the Diocese could come and return the same day.

The Bishop's days in Dublin were always full : he was on numerous Committees and Boards and was connected with all sorts of religious and philanthropic work. Any schemes for the improvement or extension of sound, religious education (particularly in his own Diocese) had his special attention. He had greatly helped to start, in Dublin, some years before, a Hostel for Divinity students, and in this, to the end of his life, he took a deep interest, occasionally giving an address to the students, who lived at the Hostel. The Kildare Training College for teachers he also had a good deal to do with. Indeed, his various interests and engage-

ments of every kind are too numerous to mention ; and his help, whether for speaking or for counsel, was much valued and sought for.

One week in every month all the Bishops of the Irish Church meet in Dublin, for consultation and discussion on the affairs of the Church. A busy week it is for all concerned. The Bishop would often have as many as seven meetings and committees in the course of one day, during that week. Sometimes, on his return home, with a somewhat tired brain, after one of these days, he would go to his bookcase, find a book on some abstruse subject, and read for an hour, as he said, to rest his brain, after which, he would often sit up writing letters till a late hour.

Once when he was staying in a country house in his Diocese, to take a service, he found on retiring to his room, at night, that he was not inclined to sleep. Seeing a bookshelf he went to try and find a book to while away an hour. To his joy, he found a volume of higher mathematics, in which he became so engrossed, that he never slept at all. In telling me this, he added, "and I *did* enjoy that night ! "

Sometimes, as a variety from his more serious work, the Bishop would enjoy solving " acrostics," sent him by friends, from time to time ; and the more difficult they were, the more he enjoyed puzzling them out. He very seldom returned one unsolved.

During the year 1916 the Archbishops and Bishops arranged that a National Mission, for Penitence and Prayer, throughout the country should take place in the autumn, with the hope of stirring up and deepening the religious life of the people at home, and thus indirectly of helping those engaged in the terrible conflict. About this, the Dean of Clonmacnoise writes :

" At the time of the National Mission, during the War, the Bishop was most anxious that it should be undertaken in a truly devotional spirit. He therefore arranged and held Conferences in different parts of his Diocese, so that

the clergy might make the Mission as helpful as possible to their people."

Among other Conferences at this time, the Bishop arranged one for the women of the Diocese, in Dublin, and he sent out invitation cards, at the top of which was printed—

"Devotional Day for Women,
in connection with the National Mission
and in preparation for it."

The day was fixed for September 22, soon after our return to Dublin from Bishops court. The arrangements were carried out on the same lines as those for the Day of the Church Workers, beginning with the Holy Communion at St. Anne's Church, with an address. But that day, the addresses in Molesworth Hall were all on the deepening of the spiritual life, and were given by women, the Bishop being in the chair. I think many were helped by this Quiet Day with God.

In some of this work of preparation for the Mission, I was allowed the privilege of helping my husband a little by speaking to a few of the Women's Gatherings.

From Tullamore, in November, just after the week set apart for prayer and services, the Bishop writes to me :—

" Sunday,

" November 12, 1916.

" Everything here has been very encouraging. They say your Meeting was a real help. We had such a nice service last night ; Mr. Craig gave a most excellent address on the Holy Spirit, which you would have enjoyed : and the Litany of Intercession, addressed to the Holy Spirit, was most helpful. A large number of Communicants to-day, at early and at midday service ; and a fine congregation, in which men were predominant ; I preach at the Church House in the town, this evening."

The Bishop asked his clergy to write and tell him what

they were able to do during the week of the National Mission, and what response there was to their efforts. Later on, December 31 was specially set apart as a day of Prayer and Thanksgiving in connection with the War ; and the Bishop wrote the following letter to his clergy, on the subject :

“ 34, FITZWILLIAM SQUARE,
“ *December 18, 1916.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHERS,—

“ You have doubtless seen the announcement in the Press of the Resolution passed by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of Ireland desiring that Sunday, December 31, should be set apart as a special day of Prayer and Thanksgiving in connection with the War. It is hoped that the collections on that day will be allocated, as far as possible, to the joint Fund of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Both organizations are doing admirable work, almost entirely by voluntary effort. . . .

“ The anxieties connected with the tragedies of the War still call for confession of sin, intercession for those in danger, and prayer for victory. But I trust the note of thanksgiving will be clear and dominant, for we have much to thank God for. We ought to thank Him for the bravery of our men, for the devotion of our women, for the preservation of our country from the horrors of invasion and starvation, as well as for the increase of success vouchsafed to our arms and those of our Allies, by sea, land and air.

“ Have we not also reason to thank God for spiritual mercies ? Ought we not to thank Him for the willing and glad response made throughout Ireland, and thank God in most of the parishes of our Diocese, to the recent call to Penitence and Prayer. If I have not already heard from you, I should particularly wish to know what you were able to do, during the Week of Observance, and what encouragement you received through the response of your people.

“ I feel that we should have more faith and courage in

putting forth effort for the spiritual good of our people. If we regard this time as an opportunity to make a fresh start in our ministry, and for seeking afresh the gift of God's Holy Spirit in our work, I believe that we all, both clergy and laity, may realize a truer sense of brotherhood in prayer, in Sacrament and in united effort for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ in the world.

"Wishing you and your people all spiritual blessing during the coming year, and if it be God's Will, the gift of peace on earth,

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully in Christ,

"J. B. MEATH."

From 1916 to 1918, I was far from strong, and was unable to go about with the Bishop, as I had done before. This was a trouble to us both, as he had to be a great deal away in the Diocese. Yet, looking back on that trying time, one feels that it was part of the training which made those last three years of his earthly life so beautiful; for it brought out, more than ever, his tenderness, sympathy and thoughtful consideration. It may have been one of the means God used to ripen that already beautiful character.

The Bishop's kindness of heart and great generosity have already been alluded to. His help was always freely given; and in some cases, he was able to give a fresh start to those who had got into difficulties, whether through adverse circumstances or their own fault. A friend thus helped, and never lost sight of, writes:

"I think your dear husband, the late Bishop of Meath, was the best man I ever met. . . . If the Church of Christ had more men of his type to carry on the work, I think there is little doubt but that Christianity would have more practical influence than it has at present."

Some of these kindly deeds were unknown even to his nearest, for his left hand knew not what his right hand did.

But though so generous and liberal to others, his own

wants were few and simple ; and his home accounts were kept most systematically : indeed, it was a joke in the family, that he would never rest till his account-books balanced to a halfpenny. "Owe no man anything but to love one another " was his principle through life.

One of the pleasures of his later years was seeing a good deal of his youngest sister, Mrs. Mackintosh, for between these two there had always existed a strong bond of affection and sympathy. From early life they had been much united, their characters being somewhat similar, and many of her brother's long mountain walks she had shared. Her weekly visits to his Dublin home were a source of much pleasure to him, and the fun and repartee between them was always good to listen to.

CHAPTER XII

Tours in Diocese—Holidays—The Synod—Harvest Thanksgiving—26, Clyde Road—1917.

THE Bishop was, of course, constantly away in the Diocese, from Saturday till Monday ; but sometimes, if the distance was not great and he was only preaching once, he was able to motor down early on Sunday morning, and return in the evening.

During the first three months of this year (1917), he visited Trim, Navan, Skryne, Killucan, Moate, Drogheda and Athboy, preaching at each place, sometimes morning and evening. Occasionally he would preach in one of the Dublin churches.

On March 31 he was at Wilson's Hospital confirming on Saturday, and preaching twice on Sunday. He writes :

" I have just finished the Confirmation Service. There were seventeen confirmed, a very nice set of boys, and a happy service. I hope that our prayers for the boys may be answered. . . . It was wonderful to see the country covered with snow. It is snowing now. I have had a letter from Colonel Pepper, who arrived safely in Liverpool. He is excited about the march of our troops on Jaffa. If that is taken it will mean much, as Jaffa is the only port for Jerusalem."

In the middle of May the Bishop was away in West Meath and King's County for nearly a week, holding Confirmations in several parishes. On May 14, he writes :

" We had a nice little congregation at Clonmacnoise last evening, and a happy service. We had no harmonium, but

we sang hymns ; ' Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' and ' Abide with me,' were very heartily sung."

Each year (with the exception of 1918) we spent August in England, visiting friends and relations, but we always reserved the last week or ten days of our holiday for a quiet time alone, in some lovely scenery, such as North Wales, the English Lakes, Hindhead, and we were on our way to North Devon when his last illness came on.

The Bishop much enjoyed these quiet times, when we could wander at will among the beauties of nature, and explore the country round. It gave him time for quiet thought, for reading aloud, for long talks, and for enjoying nature in her various moods, a thing he loved. At Hindhead, he liked to find an unfrequented spot on the heather covering the hill-side, where he would take a book and read aloud for a whole morning, varying the time with pleasant talk. He generally returned from these summer outings rested and refreshed for work.

Sometimes while staying with friends, at their request, he would preach, and this year, 1917, while at Leamington, finding my brother, the Vicar of St. Mark's, alone and not very strong, he preached for him several times, and also spoke more than once to the soldiers. He did the same while staying in Lincolnshire that summer. He loved to give a Message for his Master, whenever he was asked ; but one sometimes wonders now, if he ought not to have had more complete rest during his *one* holiday in the year.

He always enjoyed our yearly visit to St. Mark's Vicarage, Leamington, where he was a beloved guest. Mrs. S. used to call him " the strong Angel," because he was always ready to do kind things for everybody.

On one occasion, when we were staying there, a small great-nephew had to take a difficult journey, with three changes, and we were anxious as to whether the little fellow could manage it alone. Finding that no one was available to take him, the Bishop volunteered his help ; and he spent most of one day travelling to and fro, to put the boy in the

right train for his destination. I am sure the little lad enjoyed that journey and found his escort a delightful companion !

One summer we went to Keswick to attend the Convention there. The Bishop greatly valued Prebendary Webb-Peploe's sermons, and the Bible Readings given by the Reverend Hubert Brooke. We afterwards spent a quiet ten days at the Derwentwater Hotel, close to the lake. While there, we took some pleasant excursions, both by land and lake. He saw something of the late Canon Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, near Keswick, with whom he had some interesting talks, for he was an authority on the Lake District, having written several books on the subject. He was also a poet.

Each October, the Bishop held his Meath Diocesan Synod, in the Synod Hall, Dublin, meeting all his clergy and laity, who were members of the Synod, to discuss and settle Diocesan matters. His opening addresses, as President, were much valued. The Archdeacon says of them : " Our Bishop gave some striking addresses at the opening of the Synod, dealing with the questions of the day."

Very few of them have been preserved ; but two, for the years 1915 and 1917, will be found at the end of this "Sketch," together with extracts of some of his sermons and addresses.

The Synod appoints a Diocesan Council, which conducts all the business affairs of the Diocese. About this the Archdeacon says, " I need hardly say how necessary it is for the Bishop, or Chairman of the Council, to have a good grasp of the business in hand, and, on this point, Bishop Keene excelled."

Every autumn the Bishop was asked to preach many Harvest Thanksgiving sermons. He always accepted as many invitations as he could. From Tullamore, where he went for this object in October, he writes :

" I found the Craigs all well, and full of hearty welcome as usual. I celebrated at early Service this morning. There

were a great many of my former Confirmees at Communion, boys and girls. The Craigs keep well in touch with the young people, and it was very nice to see so many at the Lord's Table.

"At midday, the congregation was good. The church was beautifully decorated, and the music was excellent. They sang the anthem, 'O Taste and see that the Lord is good,' with great feeling and appreciation."

At the close of 1917 it was thought advisable, on the ground of health, to move to a house with fewer stairs than the one in the Square. This we found at 26, Clyde Road, and we moved there just after Christmas.

The change proved beneficial: it also gave the Bishop fresher air, and more walking to and from his meetings and committees; though, alas! he only enjoyed this, his last earthly home, for a year and a half.

But though so short, it was a time to be remembered with much thankfulness to Him "from whom all blessings flow."

CHAPTER XIII

New Year's Letter—"Quiet Days"—Letter from Dean—
Armistice—Amalgamation of Parishes—Letter from
Archbishop—Preaching—Interest in Missions—1918.

THE year 1918 opened somewhat anxiously, as victory for the Allies still hung in the balance. In Palestine, General Allenby, with his splendid troops, had done great things, and fervent thanksgiving had been offered for his entrance into Jerusalem, on December 9, 1917, which thus practically freed the Holy Land from the hated dominion of the Turk. But on the Continent of Europe, hope and fear still alternated during that winter and spring, though as the year advanced our victory became more assured.

A letter from the Bishop to his people, written on January 1, may be given, as it shows what his feeling was on the subject. He writes :

" 26, CLYDE ROAD,

" DUBLIN,

" *January 1, 1918.*

" MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

" With much affection and deep sincerity of heart I wish you all a Happy New Year.

" God grant that the coming year may be happier and brighter than that which has just come to a close. Our country has experienced some sad disappointments during its course, and dark storm-clouds still hover around us and make us anxious. We know not what may lie before us, but our confidence is that ' The Lord sitteth above the water-flood : the Lord remaineth a King for ever.'

“ A call that comes to us especially at the present time is the call to Steadfastness ; that ‘ enduring unto the end we may accomplish the duty committed unto us.’ Ought not the remembrance how, at the very beginning of the war, the steadfastness of a few saved the nation, to stimulate us to imitate their courage and endurance and remain steadfast unto the end ?

“ And then there is the call to Prayer. The King has called the nation to prayer ; all honour to him for doing so. Oh, that the nation realized the power that is inherent in prayer ! Let us each whole-heartedly respond to the call. Let confession of sin, prayer and thanksgiving mark for us the beginning of the year and hallow it to its close. Let us dedicate our lives afresh to Him Who, as at this time, came to visit us in great humility. If this year is to see Him re-enthroned as Prince of Peace, it can only be by a great heart-quickenings and turning of our souls to Him :

‘ Not of our own might shall this tribulation
Pass, and once more to earth be peace restored ;
Not till we turn, in solemn consecration
Wholly to *Him*, our One and Sovereign Lord.’

“ Finally there is the call to Self-sacrifice. The response has been noble on the part of many in our land. Ireland’s reproach is that it has not been from all. Let us on our part not fail to do whatever we may be called to do, and be willing to bear whatever further we may be called upon to bear.

“ I trust a like spirit of Steadfastness, Prayer and Self-sacrifice may manifest itself in our Church in the great endeavour to keep the light of Christ burning brightly during these dark days. I earnestly appeal to you each and all to do your *full* duty in your own parish to this end, for all you can do is, and will be, sorely needed.

“ The wise men brought their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the Child Jesus. Let us, too, bring Him the

gold of our willing offerings; the frankincense of our heart's adoration, and the myrrh that marks the death of self and selfish aims and ideals.

"I am most thankful for the manifestations of this spirit exhibited in some of our parishes lately. This encourages me to believe that others will be equally responsive if the appeal of the need is brought home to their hearts.

"Earnestly praying that God's blessing may abundantly rest this year on you and yours, and on our beloved Church and country.

"I remain,
"Yours faithfully in Christ,
"J. B. MEATH."

From time to time the Bishop would arrange "Quiet Days" for his clergy, at different centres of the Diocese. He felt that those who were always engaged in helping others, needed sometimes to "come apart" for a day of prayer and help for their own spiritual life. He would often get others to give the addresses, thinking that a fresh voice might be more helpful. Later, however, his clergy asked him to conduct the whole day himself. The Dean of Clonmacnoise thus writes about this:

"It was difficult to persuade him to take them; his extreme humility made him hesitate. This was hard to understand in a man so gifted as he was."

After this, however, he took several himself; the Dean describes one at Clara:

"We began the day with Holy Communion, and a most helpful address. We then had luncheon, but he would have nothing till after the afternoon meeting. He stayed in his room alone, preparing for the next service at three o'clock. He seemed to feel deeply the responsibility of these services, and I think they took a great deal out of him. They, however, made a deep impression on all who took part in them, and they were most anxious I should

persuade him to conduct one on the same lines the following year. However, the year following he brought Dr. McNeile, who gave us three very helpful addresses. The Bishop came with Dr. McNeile, and his presence amongst us was in itself a Benediction. How little we knew that it was his last 'Quiet Day,' with his western clergy, and that our next meeting would be in the presence of the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. The feeling I think now that he is gone, that we all have is, that we have lost not only our beloved Bishop, but our best and truest friend. It was a privilege to have known him, and the world was richer and better for his having lived in it."

About this Quiet Day at Clara in June, 1918, the Bishop wrote to me :

"You will be glad to hear things went well yesterday (D.G.). I had the Confirmation first ; then the Holy Communion and address at twelve. We had the second service at three o'clock ; G. played the hymns. I think your prayer was answered, and that I was helped. G. said afterwards, we had had 'a delightful day.' The attendance was very good ; for trains are difficult, and to some it meant a forty miles' ride on a bicycle. The Dean and Mrs. Hamilton had made such nice arrangements, for luncheon and everything ; they have looked after me exceedingly well and made me very comfortable. They are dear people, it always does me good to be with them, they are so concentrated on the promotion of the Kingdom. God bless you and keep you safely from all harm, till we meet again (D.V.) in peace."

The last "Quiet Day" the Bishop took himself was in the autumn of 1918, while we were at Bishops court.

The day began with the Holy Communion and first address at Ardbraccan Church. The second address with intercession was after luncheon at Bishops court. A large number attended, and more than one spoke to me afterwards at tea, of the great help it had been to them. The

Bishop much enjoyed gathering so many of his clergy again round him at his own house ; alas ! it was for the last time ; we never again, except for the day, were at Bishopscourt.¹

That year (1918) the Bishop took no holiday ; but in August he a little slackened work ; and we took several excursions by tram, to the sea, to Sandymount, to Kingstown, and to Howth. He was fond of the latter place, and liked to breathe the fresh air at the top of Howth Hill, and to enjoy the extensive view. An afternoon there always refreshed him ; he was very proud of the country round Dublin, and thought few cities had such beautiful surroundings.

He dearly loved Ireland, though he grieved much at her present sad condition, often speaking of it as " this distressful country." Loyal to his country, he was even more loyal to his King, and the present rebellious spirit of so many of the Irish people troubled him greatly. He was not a politician ; he did not think it became a minister of Christ to be keen on politics ; but he was deeply interested in everything that concerned the Empire and its welfare, especially his own part of it, and he greatly disapproved of the wish of some of his countrymen for an Irish Republic, feeling that the highest interests of the country would be better promoted by the maintenance of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

The month of November, 1918, will long be remembered with gratitude on account of the Armistice on November 11, and the end of the terrible war, the conflict and struggle of the last four years. It was with thankful hearts that we listened to the booming of the guns which told of victory, and the cessation of war ; although the Treaty of Peace was not signed till the following July.

On November 12, the Bishop wrote to his clergy :

¹ During our absence Bishopscourt was left in the charge of Mr. John Stockman and his excellent wife. The former had lived with the Bishop for twenty years, first as coachman, then as steward, and was much valued by him for his long and faithful service.

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—

“At a time when our hearts are thrilled with the glorious tidings of Victory, and the welcome promise of Peace, it is but right and fit that Thanksgiving to Almighty God should form the dominant note in the public worship of the Church. I, therefore, sanction for use on Sunday next the Order of Service enclosed.

“Faithfully yours in Christ,

“J. B. MEATH.”

The amalgamation of small parishes in the Diocese, and as a consequence, the augmentation of the incomes of the clergy, were subjects very near to the Bishop's heart, as he felt the great importance of both.

There were difficulties in the way of uniting separate parishes, but he hoped that by degrees, as livings became vacant, the difficulties might be overcome, and that some amalgamations might be arranged.

The high price of everything during the War made things difficult for those with settled incomes, and fell heavily on the clergy, especially those with families. This troubled him much: and during the winter of 1918-19, a fund was started to augment their stipends. Inaugurated by a generous layman, and nobly supported by others, in answer to a letter from the Bishop, the fund grew, and for that year proved a real help to the Diocese. The Bishop took the deepest interest in the movement, in which he felt it a privilege to join.

It is good to know that the present Bishop of Meath is also keenly interested in both these subjects.

Before entering upon the last few months of my dear husband's life, I should like to insert a letter from the then Archbishop of Dublin (D'Arcy) now Primate of All Ireland, which he most kindly wrote in answer to my request for a few words from his pen of one he knew so well. The Primate, himself a man of great intellect, and the author of many learned books, is one whose words have weight.

He writes from "The Palace, Dublin, February, 1920."

"It is a great pleasure to me to have an opportunity of saying a word about your dear Bishop. I knew him when I was quite young; but it was later in life that I grasped more fully the true *mind* of the man. He was one of the very few that I have met, who could always produce stores of knowledge to illuminate any subject that was mentioned. He read the new books on all the big subjects and could always produce old knowledge to balance the new. I miss my talks with him greatly. And then his goodness of heart. No words can express it."

His recollections of the Bishop are as follows: "I remember well the time when, a very shy and singularly undeveloped boy, I first came to know James Bennett Keene. It was his wonderful kindness which attracted me. A man already notable for his brilliant career at the University, his perfect simplicity of manner and frank geniality, without a shadow of condescension, captivated me in a moment.

"He had that clearness of soul which is discerned by the young, with surer instinct than by those whose experience has inured them to the unrealities of the world. As I look back to the few years during which I attended his Bible Class, I find that, while some of his teachings remain with me, the impression of the man himself continues indelible.

"When I think of later years, in which I got to know him in a different way, I find myself recalling his wonderful stores of knowledge, the wide range of his intellectual interests, his sympathetic understanding of points of view diverse from his own, and the freshness with which he welcomed new thought, without losing his grasp of all that he prized in the old.

"The range of his knowledge was amazing, a profound mathematician in his earlier studies, he was also a widely-read student of classical and theological learning; and at the same time, he watched all fresh developments of scientific and philosophical thought, with the keenest delight,

and with quick apprehension. In the many discussions which I had with him on such subjects, in later years, I was led to think that it was the very comprehensiveness of his attainments, and the variety of the intellectual attitudes with which he was able to sympathize, which prevented his enriching the world with some permanent expression of his thought."

As many of the Bishop's friends have wondered why he never gave to the world the result of his vast learning and years of thought, one is glad that the Primate, in his beautiful record of his friend, has touched on this subject, and given a possible reason for it. Another may have been his real humility; he never believed he had anything fresh to give that was not already far better said by some one else; it may be added, the *expression* of his thoughts was never easy to him.

He would often regret that in his young life he had not written essays and *English* compositions, which would have given more fluency to his pen in after life.

The first sermon he preached at St. Matthias's, as a curate, was the first English composition he had ever written, and to the last, sermon writing was an effort to him.

His preaching was always thoughtful, interesting and helpful; and though he could hardly be called an eloquent or popular preacher, his earnest, loving appeals went home to many hearts, and made them realize more of the love of Christ. His face in preaching seemed to be filled with a Divine light. Of him St. Paul's words were true, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus, the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." His illustrations were always good and illuminating. Of his preaching, the Dean of Clonmacnoise writes:

"It always seemed to many of us the most remarkable thing, that although he was such a distinguished scholar, and full of information on every subject, he never preached over the heads of a simple congregation."

An invalid lady, living in Dublin, always got a friend

of hers to go and hear the Bishop of Meath, whenever he preached in Dublin, and to take notes, because, she said, she invariably received a message of help from his sermons.

One of his laymen writes on this subject :

"The Bishop had a wonderful power of conveying conviction of the great spiritual truths to the hearts of all his hearers, and his presence in our midst was so truly appreciated by all of us."

Those who heard the Bishop often, felt that his preaching became more earnest, more impressive and tender, as the years went on.

It may be well here to say that he was in no sense a party man, and that he disliked controversy. His views were distinctly Evangelical, with wide sympathies for those who differed from him ; for in a wonderful way, he was able to put himself into the place of those with whom he talked ; he seemed, for the time being, to be able to see with their eyes, and think with their minds, and so to get both sides of a subject, though his own faith was strong and firm as an Evangelical Churchman.

Writing to a friend, he once said :

"Nothing interests me so much as the endeavour to gain another's point of view. It has almost been a snare to me in my intellectual life. But it has made all the world's thinking of intense interest to me."

He also enjoyed reading books by men of all shades of opinion and thought, for he liked to see the various points of view of the writers. The last book of any size he read was the *Life of Cardinal Newman*, which interested him much, though it saddened him.

No life of the Bishop could be complete without mentioning his deep interest in all Missionary effort, at home and abroad. The Church Missionary Society he especially loved. He was a "life member," and made me one too. He would always preach or speak for it whenever asked, as he did also for the S.P.G., and other societies engaged in extending the Redeemer's Kingdom.

Addressing one of his Workers' Meetings one Ascension Day, he said :

“ It is Missionary work we are to hear about to-day and of some special means now being employed to cultivate the Missionary spirit, and a deeper and more intelligent interest in the great campaign, which is going on to extend Christ's Kingdom. I am very anxious that the Missionary spirit should be developed more amongst us, for I am quite sure if it is, no other kind of Christian effort will be allowed to become slack. I regard it as the high-water mark of the Christian standard. On this Ascension Day, when we commemorate the triumph and victory of our Blessed Lord, and celebrate His Coronation Day, we may well rejoice to hear of some of the Crowns with which He is being crowned, as one and another nation is being drawn into the Empire of our dear Lord and Master. Fresh hope has come to us from the marvellous call for prayer that has lately come to us from China. May the Churches' prayers for that land be abundantly answered—and this Crown added to the many Crowns that will adorn the Victor's brow.”

CHAPTER XIV

The last few Months—Confirmations—Journey to England
—Sudden Illness—At Rest—1919.

WE have seen the Bishop in the course of these pages as the good son and brother, the distinguished scholar, the faithful and beloved pastor, the true friend, the tender husband, and the devoted Bishop ; and we have seen in all these relationships, how well and wisely each was fulfilled. But a word must be said of him as a companion, for only one who lived with him, year after year, in constant, almost uninterrupted intercourse can tell this fully. His sweet and unselfish disposition, his adaptability to all circumstances—even trying ones—his sense of humour, his perfect and ready sympathy, his warm heart, his understanding and interest in everything, all this made him an ideal companion, and his home one of unbroken harmony.

Then, he was such an interesting as well as delightful companion, full of information, grave and gay ; and with a fund of stories and recollections of every kind ; stores from his long and observant life. But all this was not on the surface, for he was shy and reticent to the end of his life, and sensitive to criticism ; indeed a stranger might be a whole day with him without finding out his stores of knowledge. Then some question or remark would unlock them, and they would pour forth to the delight of the listener, be it wife, or friend or stranger ; all interspersed with amusing anecdotes and fun.

He liked to be asked questions and to go deeply into a subject, if he saw it interested the questioner : and he would take infinite trouble, whether his audience was one or many. Nothing pleased him better than to be asked about the

original of a text or passage of Scripture. Often he did not need to look it out, but could give at once the exact translation from the Hebrew or Greek. I can see him now standing beside a big bookcase in his study (this bookcase had belonged to Maria Edgeworth and he valued it), taking down book after book to get the exact shade of meaning of some word, or to give a more exhaustive reply. Nothing was ever a trouble to him, busy as he was, if he could help another.

He was a man who appreciated affection and sympathy in no ordinary way ; his whole nature expanded under its influence. Most considerate in giving trouble, generous and courteous alike to all, he was beloved by his whole household. One of the servants, writing to me after his death, spoke of having lived for years with one " who was indeed an angel."

Colonel Pepper, a dear friend, says of him :

" I first knew the Bishop in the early seventies, when he was acting as Diocesan curate. When he became Bishop my connexion became more and more intimate, as being his principal Diocesan Secretary. Diocesan matters brought us together frequently. I never met such a pure-minded man. He had not an evil or selfish thought in his mind. Moreover, he could not imagine any person not being of the same pure spirit. His compassion for any person in trouble was very great, as I well know. On two occasions he came, at great inconvenience to himself, to my home, to commit to rest my two sisters in the old Church of Ballygarth. On the last occasion, in July, 1913, as he and I stood together, I thought, ' I shall never again stand over this opened tomb,' and I said, ' May you be spared to do so for me, the third time.' I shall never forget his look of sadness, and his words of compassion."

Colonel Pepper speaks of his pure-mindedness. This was a marked feature of his character. He was pure in every thought. Philippians iv. 8 seems an exact description of him : " Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever

things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." I once asked him if he *ever* had an evil thought. With a smile, he replied, "Very foolish ones, sometimes."

It seemed as if God, by His Holy Spirit, so reigned in his heart that no evil thing could dwell there. St. Paul's words were true of him, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Thus he magnified God in his daily life and conversation.

The Dean of Clonmacnoise says of him :

"The Bishop had a very happy disposition and a great sense of humour, and though for some years he suffered a good deal, no one would have known it, except those most intimate with him. He was very observant, and always bright. Nothing he enjoyed more than a joke, even at his own expense. When he came on a visit he always brought a ray of sunshine with him and always left some of it behind him. The secret of it all was that he constantly lived in the Master's presence, and, beholding His face, he was changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

I thus linger on the memory of how much he was beloved by all, far and near, ere I come to the beginning of 1919, and to the record of those last seven months of his life on earth. How little we thought this as the year opened !

These months were full of busy, happy work. He visited many parishes, preaching at Mayne, Rathmolyon, Athlone, Clara, Ballivor, Drogheda, Navan, Athboy, and Kingscourt. In April and May he took his usual Confirmation tour, confirming in five different parishes in the west of the Diocese. In June, he took two more, at Clara and Slane ; the last he took in his own Diocese. Besides these, he took several Military Confirmations for the Chaplain-General.

This spring, I was again unable to go about much with him, as my increasing loss of sight made home the best place for me. The fear that I might permanently lose

my sight was a great trouble to him, and his tender sympathy and constant help were wonderful. At last, it was decided to try an operation, and his thankful joy when it proved successful was great. In his Diary on the day of the operation, May 2, are the words, "Successful—*Laus Deo*."

And all this time, *he* was bearing a cross of his own, unknown to the world. For some years he had, from time to time, suffered much pain, in fact ever since his serious illness in 1902-3. For the last two years this trouble had increased, causing him much distress and discomfort; though as we did not realize any danger, it did not cause us real anxiety. Since his death, a medical man who knew him well, told me he had long carried about "a menace," and that his fatal illness did not cause him surprise. All this, of course, increased the burden of his work and made travelling trying. Looking back on those last two years, one marvels at the perfect patience, even cheerful acceptance of what was a heavy cross; never even a word of complaint or self-pity, even to the one who loved him best.

In July, Archbishop Bernard, just made Provost of Trinity, asked him to take two Confirmations for him in Wicklow. Though already very busy, these he cheerfully undertook, and went down to Wicklow and Arklow, on July 11 and 12.

On July 20, Sunday, he motored to Donaghpatrick, and preached for the Jews' Society on the text, "Let Jerusalem come into your mind" (Jer. li. 50), returning home in the late afternoon. It was his last sermon, and his last visit to the Diocese he so loved, and had served for nearly twenty-two years.

The following morning we crossed to England, and after a night in London, went on the next day to stay with cousins at Uckfield, in Sussex. We had a pleasant, restful ten days there, having walks and drives in the bracing air of the Sussex Downs. But he did not feel very well, and was not his usual bright self during the visit, but this I put down to his being overtired, and needing a long rest. More than

once, before we left Dublin, he said to me, "How nice it will be to be able to laze a little while and really rest."

While in Sussex, he had the pleasure of seeing his sister, Mrs. Slater, and her daughter, who were staying near, and came over to luncheon one day. Before we left Uckfield he seemed better, and we felt that the loving care he had had and the rest had already done him good. While there, he wrote to his friend, Colonel Pepper, saying how much better he already felt for the fine Sussex air; it was a bright cheery letter.

After a week at St. Albans, we intended to go for a fortnight to North Devon, to be near our niece, Mrs. S. H. Slater, who had just returned from India, and was staying there with her four children. We quite hoped the rest and sea air would do him good, and send him back quite fit for work. But God had other plans for His dear servant.

On the journey to St. Albans, on August 1, the Bishop was taken alarmingly ill with most severe internal pain; and though a doctor was with him almost at once on arrival, the agony continued for two days and nights, in spite of all that was done to relieve him. At last, the two doctors decided that there must be an operation to discover the cause, and on Sunday, August 3, he was moved in an ambulance to St. Peter's Nursing Home, and that afternoon a surgeon from London came and operated. Internal inflammation of a serious nature was discovered, and from the first there was little hope of his recovery. Still everything was done that medical skill could devise, but without effect. He gradually got weaker, and on Tuesday morning, August 5, at 8.30, his brave Christ-like spirit gently passed to the Home above; he was conscious almost to the last, although he had been unable to speak for some hours.

The agony of those last three days had been too great for any conversation; but a few things may be recorded, that those who have followed the Bishop's life so far, may see, that when the Master came and called for him, he was ready gladly to obey the call, and go to Him.

All the suffering was borne with brave patience, even a smile for those who waited on him, and gratitude for all that was done to help him. One nurse afterwards said : " It had been a privilege to nurse so brave and courteous a patient."

On Saturday, though in terrible pain, he wished me to write three letters for him, which he partly dictated, on Diocesan matters.

On Sunday morning, when he knew he must go to the Nursing Home for an operation, he said to my brother, Canon Streatfeild, " My one trouble is leaving my dear wife ; she will be broken-hearted ; we always hoped to go together." This seemed to show that he felt himself he should not recover.

When alone with me he spoke touchingly of the great happiness of our married life ; then seeing tears in my eyes, he said, with such a sweet smile, "*He* will wipe away all tears from their eyes." Later I asked him if he had been in too much pain to pray. " No," he said, " I have committed it all to God, and I have no worry ;" he spoke quite calmly and restfully. He listened to *Daily Light* for August 3, and I repeated Nahum i. 7, and Isaiah xli. 13, and then, " In Him, we live and move and have our being." " I like that," he said.

Once he said : " How foolish, how wrong it is to put off seeking God to a sick bed ; it would be impossible to *begin* seeking God in such suffering as this," and again, speaking of some trouble in one of his parishes, he said : " It is all self-seeking ; all self, self, self, and there ought to be *none of self*."

On Monday morning, the day after the operation, he was very weak. I was sitting beside him (I hardly left him except when the doctors were there) when he whispered, " My times are in Thy Hand."

I said, " And you wish them there, dear one ? "

Very emphatically he answered, "*I do*."

More than once he spoke of being so comfortable in the

Home, and of his thankfulness for the kind nursing. All Monday his breathing was very laboured, the heart being now affected ; I asked him if he was still in much pain.

In gasps he said, " Not in pain now—only this breathing—but that is only distress."

The difficult breathing continued till just before he left us. He was growing weaker all Monday and spoke very little.

The nurses were so struck by his beautiful face, and the kind Matron wrote to me afterwards of those two days in the Home : " I don't think words can convey what we felt was the beauty of the man we were privileged to nurse, for a little while. It was a real privilege, and we were helped by that short time here. I am thankful to have had you both."

In the middle of Monday night, seeing the end was near, I felt that I ought to tell him that the doctor did not think he would recover.

He asked, " Why ? Is it from the heart ? "

I said, " Yes, dear, they fear heart failure."

Very calmly, he said, " Well, I have no fear."

Then the nurse came up to inject something, and would have no talking. This has been a great grief to me, as he was quite conscious, and I believe would have said more. He never spoke again, except once to ask for water, though he seemed conscious till within a few minutes of his passing away. For the last two hours, at intervals, I repeated very clearly, short texts, or a verse of a hymn, which I thought might comfort him. Not being sure that he understood, I asked :

" Do you like me to do this, dear ? "

He inclined his head in response, showing he wished me to continue, which I did, till without a sigh or struggle, he entered into the joy of his Lord, and saw the King in His beauty ; his service on earth exchanged for higher service above. As one watched him cross the River, one could almost hear the " Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," with which the Master welcomed him Home.

In death, with all pain and distress gone, he looked calmly beautiful, with almost a smile on the dear face.

For him, one could only give praise, and say :

"Thou hast crossed the flowing river, thou hast reached the heavenly shore ;

Now with Christ thou art abiding, all the toilsome journey o'er ;
Thou art resting in His presence, thou art dwelling at His side ;
Thou hast seen the face of Jesus and with Him art satisfied."

For three days the coffin, covered by the purple pall of a Bishop, rested in the beautiful Abbey, where on August 8 the first part of the service was taken ; the Dean of St. Albans, his own Archdeacon of Meath, and my brother, Canon Streatfeild, of Leamington, officiating. Three of his Meath clergy¹ were present, including the Rev. H. de Vere White, also Mrs. White, the Bishop's niece. Then we laid him to rest in the cemetery there—"until the day break, and the shadows flee away," "in sure and certain hope of a joyful Resurrection." "Absent from the body he is present with the Lord" ; and "In His Presence is fullness of joy."

Memorial services were held at the time of the funeral in various centres of the Diocese, the Dean of Clonmacnoise and others of his clergy conducting them.

Over his resting-place is erected, in rough granite, the copy of an old Irish Cross, with the following inscription :

"In Joyful Hope of the Resurrection."

JAMES BENNETT KEENE, D.D.,

FOR NEARLY TWENTY-TWO YEARS BISHOP OF MEATH
(IN IRELAND),

WHO ENTERED INTO REST

AUGUST 5TH, 1919 ; AGED 69.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Complete in Him."

¹ The Rev. R. S. Craig, Rector of Tullamore, and the Rev. J. W. McGinley, Rector of Fербane, as well as the Warden of Wilson's Hospital, the Rev. H. de Vere White, his chaplain.

ST. JOHN XI. 11.

Sleep on, Beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
“ Good-night ! ” ¹

Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep,
And thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
“ Good-night ! ”

Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until he gathers in His sheaves at last ;
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—
“ Good-night ! ”

Until the Easter Glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
“ Good-night ! ”

Until made beautiful by love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine
And He shall bring that Golden Crown of thine—
“ Good-night ! ”

Only “ Good-night,” Beloved—not “ Farewell ! ”
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
“ Good-night ! ”

Until we meet again, before His Throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
“ Good-night ! ”
S. DOUDNEY.

¹ “ The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends ‘ Good-night,’ so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.”

CHAPTER XV

In Memoriam

A FEW extracts chosen from the large number of letters received after the Bishop's death may be given here, to complete this imperfect record, and to show how truly he was beloved by all.

The following "Resolution" was passed by the House of Bishops, on August 6, 1919 :

"The Primate and the Bishops of the Church of Ireland hereby place on record, their deep and heartfelt sorrow at the death of their beloved comrade and Brother Bishop, the Most Reverend James Bennett Keene, Lord Bishop of Meath. His loving nature, profound scholarship, and cultured intellect, together with his ceaseless devotion to the work of the ministry, had endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He will be long and sorely missed among us. We convey our warm sympathy to his sorrowing widow."

The late Primate, his life-long friend, writes :

"THE PALACE,
"ARMAGH,
"August 5, 1919.

"MY DEAR MRS. KEENE,—

"May the good Lord grant His comfort in the overwhelming sorrow which has come upon you, though you will ever thank and praise our Gracious God that to you was given the joy of making the Bishop's latter years so inexpressibly happy, and giving him that unbounded love, which was to

him such a glorious gift, and which he so absolutely returned. Your telegram was a great shock, though your letter, in a way, filled me with fear, that we might be called on to part with a Brother beloved, whose devotion and service had endeared him to us all. God bless you and keep you, till God's love set you at his side again.

“Yours affectionately,

“JOHN B. ARMAGH.”

The Bishop of Clogher, once his fellow-curate and his constant friend, writes :

“ . . . His loss to the Church of Ireland, where his influence, and guidance spiritually as well as otherwise, was ever more and more felt in our Councils, is simply irreparable ; and to me personally, I have been deprived of my best earthly friend, with whom for very many years, I have been closely associated, and who never failed to give me sound and kindly sympathy and advice.

“Ever yours,

“MAURICE CLOGHER.

The Bishop of Down, now Primate, writes :

“CULLODEN,

“CO. DOWN.”

“ . . . It was a great shock to me to hear of the death of the Bishop. He was one of my oldest friends, and one for whom I had a deep affection. His goodness, and un-failing kindness of heart, and his large sympathies and wide learning made him a delightful, as well as a charming friend and companion. I shall miss him sadly. What must the loss be to you ! With most sincere prayer that you may have comfort in your great trouble.

“I am,

“Yours very faithfully,

“CHARLES F. DOWN.”

The Bishop of Cork writes :

" . . . I was shocked when I saw the announcement of the dear Bishop's death last night. He seemed so well when I last saw him. He will be a terrible loss to our Church. His vast learning and above all his loving personality were valued by all who came into contact with him. What a wonderful change for him to know even more than even he ever knew before ! I pray God that His comfort may be with you and that you may know the fullness of His support in this time of great sorrow.

" Yours very sincerely,
" CHARLES CORK."

The Bishop of Tuam writes :

" THE PALACE,
" TUAM,
" August 6, 1919.

" . . . Our dear Bishop's death is indeed a great loss to the Church ; and personally I feel I have lost a much loved and faithful friend. His friendship was such a real help to me, and his gentle, upright life a constant inspiration. I am truly grieved to think he will be no longer among us. You will be much in my prayers.

" Yours very sincerely,
" B. J. TUAM."

The Bishop of Ossory, now Archbishop of Dublin, writes :

" THE PALACE,
" KILKENNY,
" August 8, 1919.

" I write officially to convey to you the ' Resolution ' passed on Wednesday by the House of Bishops ; but I write personally to express to you my very deep sense of loss upon the death of dear Bishop Keene. His removal is a very sad break for all of us who knew him at all well ; and to me he has been a friend for a good number of years. It

would be out of place to speak of the many things which made him the essentially lovable man he was, but there was something about his countenance reflecting that which was within, which made his presence to be an element making for peace and harmony, and this, combined with his ever-ready interest in men and things, made him a delightful companion and friend. . . . Many will be praying for you.

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN A. F. OSSORY."

The Bishop of Kilmore writes :

" . . . I feel I would like to tell you how much I feel for you in your great bereavement, and how much I appreciated your husband. His loss will be greatly felt in the Councils of his brother Bishops, as well as in so many other ways. My first recollection of him—a very pleasant recollection—is that of his examining me in Mathematics, when I was at Rathmines School. With sincere sympathy,

"Yours very truly,

"WM. R. KILMORE."

"THE SEE HOUSE, CAVAN,

"August 7, 1919."

The Bishop of Killaloe writes :

"CHARISFORD, KILLALOE,

"August 7.

"Will you let me add my voice to the voice of those who are telling you how grieved we are for you in this blow that has fallen upon you, and how we mourn the loss of one who had so endeared himself to those who were privileged to work with him. The Church has lost one who was so full of the spirit of gentleness and love, that no one could be in his presence without feeling the influence of it. We shall all pray for you, but it will help you to remember how you brightened the closing years of his earthly life.

"Sincerely yours,

"STIRLING KILLALOE."

Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., a friend of many years, writes, regretting he had not known where the funeral was, or he would have been present, and adds :

“ The dear Bishop’s death is a great loss to the whole Church of Ireland. He was so wise and judicious, so large-hearted ; with all his great learning and intellectual gifts, he had the heart of a child, utterly unselfish and true. I never knew anyone so truly Christ-like, so ready to help at any sacrifice of his own convenience. He was, indeed, the ideal Christian gentleman. I only wish his great ability and learning had been more permanently left in literature. I feel his loss greatly, but rejoice in the larger and higher life, ‘ the life which is life indeed ’ that he now enjoys. With deepest sympathy,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ W. F. BARRETT.”

The Dean of Christ Church Cathedral writes :

“ . . . I lose an old friend for whom I had cordial affection and respect, and the Irish Church loses a man whom we can ill spare. For many years I have felt and said we had no man of such wide information. And how beautiful was his modesty. It did me good to meet him, and come, even for a short time, within the influence of his charming personality.

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ H. V. WHITE.”

The Dean of The Chapel Royal, Dublin, writes :

“ August 8, 1919.

“ . . . We were all so fond of the dear Bishop. I feel that I have lost a very dear friend ; one I looked up to, as very much above the majority of us, in talent, learning, piety, and all round *goodness*. He was so simple, so heavenly minded. And now he has gone Home. For him we must rejoice : and the *re-union* will be soon, through God’s love and mercy. . . .

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ CHARLES W. O’HARA MEASE.”

The Bishop's Chancellor, Judge Wakely, writes :

" . . . I cannot tell you how kind he has always been to me, and I had always the very highest opinion of him and looked on him, not only as a great Bishop, but as a perfect Christian gentleman. . . .

" Yours very truly,

" JOHN WAKELY."

His old schoolfellow and life-long friend, Sir Ralph Benson, I.C.S., writes :

" ROEBUCK GROVE,

" *August 6.*

" . . . The Bishop was my admiration ever since I first knew him at school ; and the steadfast friend of all my life. To know him was to love him ; and to all of us who were privileged to call him friend, the world will be very much the poorer since he has left it. The memory of him will remain fresh and green, and an inspiration to me so long as my mind endures. With the deepest sympathy I venture to share your sorrow, and to express the sure and certain hope that we shall meet him again in God's good time, and that, in the meantime, He will not leave you comfortless.

" Very sincerely yours,

" RALPH T. BENSON."

A Dublin Rector, his friend for forty-six years, and for a time in his Diocese, writes :

" . . . How am I to write to you, because my poor words are utterly vain in the presence of such a sorrow, glorious as is his triumph through the Conqueror of death, whom he loved and served so fully and faithfully all his life. I was simply stunned to hear of it, after our exceedingly long friendship. The truest, noblest, purest, most humble-minded, with a giant intellect, and if it were possible, a greater heart. I feel 'a loss for ever now,' that will never be filled on this side the grave. Forgive my intruding on your sorrow, but I loved him much, for six and forty years truest

friend, wisest counsellor, always the same. He is one of those who cannot be replaced.

"Your short, but perfect wedded life, is a glorious heritage; you both were united, not only in earthly affection, but in common love to Him, whom he now sees 'face to face.' We shall not look upon his like again. I thank God for having given me such a friend—I know you are 'sorrowing, yet always rejoicing.' Heartfelt sympathy and prayers.

"Yours very sincerely,
"J. A. J."

Another Dublin Rector writes :

" . . . The Bishop was a consistent friend to me through my life as a clergyman, and I always looked up to him with affectionate admiration, for his great learning, and still greater humility, for his genuine kindness of heart, and his unaffected piety. What the Church of Ireland has lost it would be impossible to estimate; but we grieve that we shall no more be guided by his unerring wisdom, or gladdened by his brotherly handshake. I felt it a great privilege to know him, and also to have his support for a time, in my congregation, at the Magdalen. . . .

"S. H."

The following Extracts are chosen from letters written by his own clergy and laity in the Meath Diocese. The Dean of Clonmacnoise wished much to come to the funeral, but it was not thought wise for him to attempt the long journey, and the Rev. R. S. Craig offered to come in his place, and kindly did so.

The Dean's wife writes :

"THE DEANERY,

" 'CLARA,'

"August 7.

" . . . I never knew my husband to feel any sorrow as he feels this one. The Bishop was the most beloved man

I ever heard of, and the blank in our hearts will never be filled down here. When he was here confirming five weeks ago, I never heard him preach better, or with more power, and his face was lit up with a Heavenly joy, as he explained touchingly what being a soldier of Christ, and His servant involved; and in the house he was full of fun and stories, and so delighted about your sight being restored. We can never thank God enough for giving us such a friend, and there was *no* pleasure in our lives greater than having him here. The Dean says it will be hard to go through life without him, he felt his heart so knit to him, and he loved him as his own soul.

“Ever your loving friend,
“W. HAMILTON.”

One of his clergy writes :

“We are quite overcome with grief at the irreparable loss of our dear, dear Bishop. . . . We feel we have lost our best and kindest friend. How many instances I can recall, of his gracious and ready help, of his wise counsel and advice. He is where his whole heart has always been. I shall hold a Memorial Service here on Friday at two o'clock. . . .

“G. B. L. W.”

Another writes :

“At the last Meeting of the West Meath Clerical Society, a ‘Resolution’ was passed, expressing the great loss to the Diocese, and the sense of personal loss that each one of us feels at the death of our beloved Bishop. I don’t think the Bishop could think evil of anyone: his heart was so full of love. A text that came into my mind on hearing of his death was, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’ I think he was seeing God all his life, and now he has gained the fuller Vision, in the very Presence Chamber itself. His words were always earnest, but as time goes on, many of them will be forgotten; but his life, his influence will never be forgotten. He sowed a harvest of

loving words and kindly deeds, that will bear fruit unto everlasting life in many a heart. Our loss is deep and sad. . . .

“ B. H. T. G.”

The following letters were from laymen in the Meath district :

“ I shall always remember the happy day on which we had the great pleasure of meeting the Bishop and yourself, after the Confirmation at Slane. He seemed then to be in perfect health, in fact, better than earlier in the year. I have heard him speak on most intricate and difficult problems, and his judgment in dealing with such revealed some of those wonderful intellectual powers, which he possessed in such a very great degree. His death is an irreparable loss to our Church, and I grieve for him personally, as such a kind and sympathetic friend.

“ F. W. B.”

Another writes :

“ I want to send a few lines of genuine sympathy with you, and to express our deep regret at the death of the Bishop, which is a public loss. He was a saintly soul, and personally I shall miss him very much. I shall not attempt, I am unable to properly appreciate him, as his great intellectual attainments raised him far above the ordinary run of men ; but withal he was gifted with powers ; his kind and courteous manner, his winning smile, his patience and forbearance in conducting business, of which I had much experience ; his general affability and toleration ; just to mention a few ; all of which combined to endear him to those who had the pleasure and good fortune to be acquainted with him. I shall never forget his kindness to me during my serious illness, and I shall bear in remembrance many happy days when he did me the honour of staying here. I offer you sincere sympathy in hours in which the joys of happy memories will go far, I trust, to alleviate the sorrows attending separation, for a time.

“ M. B.”

Again :

" I hardly realized how I loved the dear Bishop : he was such a humble, kind, Christ-like friend. His joy would indeed be full if he knew how just by his gentle loving life he helped forward the Kingdom of God. . . . I feel I must tell you the name he was called in Dublin, by people that did not even know him—' The Morning Star '—for his face always shone with Christ's love and happiness. True heartfelt sympathy.

" A. W."

Again :

" I need not tell you how all here will miss his beautiful, serene face. We all used to feel it did us good just to look at him, his life was reflected in his expression. How absolutely happy his last few years have been ! This must be your greatest comfort now.

" E. G."

Copy of " Resolution " passed by the Diocesan Council of Meath ; and forwarded by the Archdeacon :

" That this Council desires to express its sense of the great loss it has sustained by the death of its beloved and revered Chairman, the Most Reverend James Bennett Keene, D.D., Bishop of this Diocese. The loss will be deeply felt by the Church of Ireland at large, for it deprives her of a Prelate, distinguished alike for learning and piety, but it will be felt peculiarly by the Diocese of Meath, over which he presided with so much ability and gentleness for the past twenty-two years. During that time, his conspicuous ability, his constant devotion to duty, and his amiable disposition endeared him to all hearts. The Council desires also to express its profound sympathy with Mrs. Bennett Keene in her deep affliction, and prays that the God of all comfort may sustain her in this time of her bereavement.

" JOHN HEALEY,

" Commissary Chairman."

Kind "Resolutions" were passed by every society and committee to which the Bishop belonged. But they are too numerous to be given.

The Secretary of the Hibernian C.M.S. writes : " The dear Bishop was greatly beloved, and his life of kindness was a help to scores of clergy, both his own and others, as well as to very many of our lay people. God has crowned a beautiful life, by a call to one still more beautiful ; there can be no regret for *him*. The C.M.S. has lost a generous and warm-hearted friend."

The C.M.S. Committee in London wrote most kindly from Salisbury Square. A few words may be given :

" They recall with gratitude the Bishop's warm friendship for the Society, his generous support and his constant advocacy of its cause."

One touching incident may fitly find a place in this chapter of tender memories :

Two months after the Bishop's death, a lady coming to call on me had forgotten the number of the house in Clyde Road. Seeing a girl of about fourteen (evidently a young servant) passing by, she asked if the girl knew where Mrs. Keene lived. The girl replied :

" Do you mean the house, where the old gentleman lived, *who always gave me a smile*, as I passed him ? "

Even this child found his smile a " Benediction."

* * * * *

The following testimony, from the lips of the late beloved Primate, his life-long friend, who has now joined him in the Home Above, must be given here :

BISHOPRIC OF MEATH

MEETING OF THE DIOCESAN SYNOD

Extract from the Primate's Address (October 4, 1919).

A meeting of the Diocesan Synod for the Diocese of Meath for the purpose of electing a Bishop in room of the late Most Rev.

Dr. Keene was held yesterday in the Synod Hall, Christchurch Place, Dublin. His Grace the Primate (Most Rev. Dr. Crozier) presided, and there was a good attendance of both clergy and laity. Previous to the meeting of the Synod there was a celebration of Holy Communion in Christ Church Cathedral.

THE PRIMATE'S ADDRESS

The Primate, addressing the Synod, said that his first words must be those of deep and loving sympathy with the Diocese of Meath at the great loss the Diocese and Church had sustained by the death of their honoured Father in God, and of his much-loved brother on the Episcopal Bench. Bishop Keene always seemed to him to resemble more than anyone else he had known the character of St. Paul's comrade and fellow-labourer St. Barnabas, in that he was indeed "a Son of Consolation." At a meeting in London not long after his consecration Sir John Kennaway asked a friend of his, "Who is that Bishop whose very face is a Benediction?" and not his face only but his whole life was a Benediction. In Trinity College, where he and his Grace formed a life-long attachment, he was not only a most brilliant student, but a man honoured and respected for simplicity of character, holiness of life, and steadfastness of purpose, combined with a rare modesty and self-effacement. And as the years rolled by, he proved himself not only an intellectual giant but a profound and deeply instructed saint. It would be hard to find a man in any walk of life who combined more fully the highest qualities of heart and head than their late beloved Bishop. They thanked God for the example he had left behind him of a truly noble life, and prayed God for grace to follow its lessons and its leading. To his sorrowing widow they sent their most respectful sympathy. But her sorrow was gladdened by the knowledge that it was given to her to cheer and brighten his closing years and to help him so wonderfully in his work. They had met that day to choose for the Church of God a Bishop to carry on the task he had laid aside, and he need not press upon them the solemn promise by which they were bound to vote for no one through favour or affection, but only for such as they believed well fitted for the office and work of a Bishop. A Bishop's work in days like the present was no sinecure, and demanded to the full not only the Grace of God but the proper use of every faculty of heart and mind with which

God graciously endowed those whom He called to serve Him in this responsible office.

“RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY”

The Dean of Clonmacnoise then proposed the following “Resolution” :—“ That this Synod of the Diocese of Meath desires to express its sense of the loss which the Church of Ireland, and especially this Diocese, has sustained by the death of our beloved and esteemed Father in God, the Most Rev. James Bennett Keene, D.D. He presided over the Diocese of Meath for twenty-two years, and during that time gained the affection alike of clergy and laity. The Synod remembers with thankfulness his untiring devotion to duty and the loving care and great ability which he displayed in the government of the Diocese. His memory will long be cherished by the many who looked to him not merely as a ruler, but as a personal friend. The Synod also desires to offer to Mrs. Bennett Keene its heartfelt sympathy in her bereavement, and prays that God may sustain her in her great affliction.”

Lord Castlemaine seconded the motion, which was supported by the Archdeacon of Meath and Colonel Sir Nugent Everard, and passed, all present standing.

At the first Meath Diocesan Synod, after the appointment of his successor, Bishop Plunket, the new Bishop, spoke of him in these words :—

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

The President, in his address to the Synod, said their thoughts were centred that day around the old and trusted friend, the well-beloved Bishop, whom they had lost. They called to mind with what gentleness and love he ruled that Diocese during the past twenty-two years, and he knew he spoke for every member of the Synod when he said that it was with real sorrow of heart they mourned the loss of that good and worthy man. (Hear, hear.) They were proud of his scholarship and learning, and loved him because they knew that in his own big heart he had a place for each one of them. His influence would long remain, and what James Bennet Keene accomplished in that Diocese for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom would be bearing

fruit to the honour and glory of God when he and they were forgotten. His lordship expressed the hope that some steps would soon be taken by the members of the Church as a whole, and more especially by those connected with that Diocese, to establish a suitable memorial to their late Bishop.

The following are extracts from a few of the daily papers, that recorded the Bishop's death. The *Irish Times*, August 6, 1919, said :

THE BISHOP OF MEATH

We announce with deep regret the death of the Most Rev. James Bennett Keene, D.D., Bishop of Meath. Only a few weeks have elapsed since he left Ireland, apparently in good health, to spend a week of his holiday with his brother-in-law, Canon G. S. Streatfeild, of St. Albans, and there the illness, which seems to have developed rapidly, occurred, and had a fatal termination.

The Church of Ireland suffers a heavy blow by the death of Dr. Keene, a loss which will be felt deeply and sincerely lamented among all classes of her lay and clerical members. The Episcopal Bench is deprived of one of its greatest ornaments, a profound scholar, a wise counsellor, and a genial personality ; while by many congregations, both in his own Diocese and in that of Dublin, his familiar presence and helpful teaching will be missed. Born in Dublin on October 25, 1849, James Bennett Keene was the youngest son of the late Mr. A. Bennett Keene, M.A., who belonged to a family distinguished for its high intellectual attainments. The future prelate received his early education at Rathmines School, passing thence to Trinity College, where his career was exceptionally brilliant throughout. In 1867 his name appeared upon the lists as first Honourman and Prizeman in Classics ; in 1867, 1868, and 1869 as first of the first Honourmen in Science ; and later as winner of the Primate's Hebrew Prize (first), and of prizes in Syriac and Chaldee. In 1870 he obtained a Mathematical Scholarship and the Lloyd Exhibition. In 1871 he graduated with a Senior Moderatorship in Mathematics and a Senior Moderatorship in Logic and Ethics, winning in the succeeding year the Wall Biblical Scholarship, Bishop Law's Prize, and the M'Cullagh Prize (Mathema-

tics and Physics). His course in the Divinity School was similarly remarkable. In 1874 he carried off the Elrington Theological Prize, an extra prize as *prox. acc.* at the Theological Exhibition Examination, and finally a First-class Divinity Testimonium in 1875, when also he took the degree of M.A. Such were the chief fruits of a strenuous University life, which almost from its inception had been pursued with the ultimate purpose in view of entering the ministry of the Church.

Ordained deacon in 1872, he was admitted to priest's Orders in the year following at the age of twenty-four, and was thereupon appointed to the curacy of St. Matthias', Adelaide Road, Dublin. This position he filled until 1874, proving an energetic parochial worker and an able preacher, when he was transferred to another sphere of labour, in Meath, thus making his first acquaintance with that Diocese. From 1877 to 1879 he acted as Chaplain to the Young Men's Christian Association, in connection with which organization his services were highly valued, and in 1879 he was appointed incumbent of Ballyboy, and afterwards Rector of Navan, an office held until 1897. In the meantime, from 1885 to 1894, he performed the important duties of Examining Chaplain to the late Dr. Reichel, Bishop of Meath, a function for which he was eminently qualified. In 1880, also, he was appointed to the Head Mastership of Navan College. Elected to the prebendal stall of Tipper and a Canonry of St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1892, he became Rural Dean of Skryne in 1896, and held these offices until the later months of 1897.

In that year, upon the translation of Dr. Peacocke to Dublin, he was elected to the vacant See of Meath. The choice was approved by all members of the Irish Church. It was universally acknowledged that the new Bishop had earned his preferment, not alone by reason of his high intellectual endowments, usefully employed during the long years of active and unsparing labour that he had devoted to the ministry, but also by the varied character of his experience. His associations with the Diocese of Meath had been intimate from an early period of his career, and it was a source of special gratification to its clergy and laity that these were to remain unbroken. The ceremony of consecration was performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, on Sunday, October 17, 1897, the sermon being preached by the Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D. (now Provost of Trinity College).

Bishop Keene presided over his not very populous Diocese with great dignity, winning the sincere affection and respect of all with whom he came into contact, both in clerical and in general social life. After Lord Plunket's translation from the Diocese of Meath, the old episcopal residence, Arddraccan, had been given up owing to the cost of its maintenance, and the Rectory house, changing its name to Bishops court, became the home of the holders of the See. Here Dr. Keene spent a considerable portion of his time, though later he lived at his Dublin residence in Fitzwilliam Square. During these periods he frequently preached in city and suburban churches, and his sermons, which were marked by simplicity and earnestness rather than by eloquence or display of learning, at all times deeply impressed his hearers. The bishop took a hearty interest in every development of Church work. His charges to his clergy were in all instances characterized by their practical, as well as pastoral, cast, and his ready sympathy with all who came to him for help or advice made him universally beloved. A typical Bishop, Dr. Keene was a man of extensive culture and refined tastes, deeply spiritually minded, and devoted to the service of the Church he loved.

During his long life Dr. Keene consistently shunned entrance into the field of political strife, preferring to move in a cooler atmosphere, and to devote his time to the duties associated with his high and responsible office. At the same time he was not unmindful of current public events, especially in their relation to the welfare of his native land. In 1913 he married Henrietta Sophia, only surviving daughter of Rev. W. Streatfeild.

The Irish Daily Express says :

BISHOP OF MEATH

The Church of Ireland has suffered a distinct loss by the death yesterday at St. Albans of the Most Rev. Dr. Keene, Bishop of Meath. Elected as successor to Dr. Peacocke, who was translated to Dublin in 1897, for almost twenty-two years Dr. Keene was premier Bishop of the Irish Church. His jurisdiction coincided with the territory of the ancient Kingdom of Meath as it existed before the Norman Conquest. Dr. Keene was a learned and versatile scholar, a brilliant conversationalist, and a kindly-hearted Christian gentleman. His nature was most lovable.

He had a natural charm and simplicity of manner that made him beloved by all who knew him. It seemed easy to shine in his presence, for he gave his best and drew forth the best from his company in turn. It is a matter of sincere regret that his brilliant intellect did not find expression in writing. He had a versatile genius, and explained the many subjects of his interest simply. The Church of Ireland will be poorer for the loss of his piety, his learning, his common sense and charm. His figure was well known in Dublin ; the Diocese of Meath has no cathedral church, and uses the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity as its central church. He gave his services ungrudgingly to many Dublin churches on special occasions, particularly at harvest times. It was said that his personality seemed particularly adapted to the harvest season, betokening fruit and ripeness. We shall miss him, but we won't forget.

The *Church of Ireland Gazette* for August 8, 1919, has this article on the Bishop :

THE LATE BISHOP OF MEATH

The Bishop of Meath was essentially a man of learning ; but he bore the weight of his knowledge with an ease which gave him a charm to which none could be impervious. He fulfilled the apostolic injunctions that the servant of Christ should be gentle and that a Bishop should be no striker. Gentle in his judgment, kindly in his dealings with men, genial and warm in society, a companion whose conversation never failed both to instruct and to delight, with an eye for the humorous, but a tongue which never made humour harsh, the good Bishop seasoned life with a piety which was both human and wholesome. His sincerity and transparent goodness made him easy to read, and men warmed to him at once. Although his simplicity and modesty hid from the wayfaring man his great knowledge, yet we have been told of the great impression he made upon his peers at the Pan-Anglican Conference. His academic career was amazing, and his intellectual interests extended far beyond the frontiers of theology. He was a frequent preacher in Dublin, and his sermons were such as plain folk could understand and value. He married only a few years ago, and late in life ; but the happiness of his married life shone for all to see. We offer our sincere

sympathy to his widow, who entered so fully into not only his life but his work, and to the Diocese which has been bereaved of its Father in God. To ourselves the tidings of his death brought a sense of real loss, for the Bishop has always taken a keen and personal interest in the *Gazette*, of which he was a Director. He was a frequent and regular attendant at the meetings of our Board, where his judgment and counsel were of great value to us.

From the *Meath Diocesan Magazine* for September, 1919 :

THE LATE BISHOP OF MEATH

Very widespread grief was felt in the Diocese when it became known that our beloved Bishop had passed away. We little thought, when he left us such a short time ago, that we were never again to have his genial presence, and now we all feel that we have lost a dear friend.

Our late Bishop was a man of many and great attainments. Specialists may have surpassed him in their own peculiar subjects, but it is doubtful if there was any man in the kingdom who distinguished himself in so many departments of learning. In passing through Trinity College, he was nearly always "first of the first," and that in almost every subject. He gained a Mathematical Scholarship, and at the same time took first honours in Classics. At his degree he took two gold medals, one in Mathematics and the other in Logic and Ethics ; and in his college course he obtained the highest prizes in Hebrew, Syriac and Chaldee, and in Theology. With all his knowledge, he was so absolutely free from pedantry that many who knew him were quite unaware of his great learning. Those of us, however, who from time to time had the privilege of consulting him soon found out that there were few subjects on which he was not well informed ; and we found in him one ever ready to help whenever any difficulty had to be solved.

He was ordained for the curacy of St. Matthias', Dublin, in 1872, and entered the Diocese of Meath as Diocesan Curate in 1874. He was elected Rector of Navan in 1879, and in 1892 was appointed to the Canonry of Tipper in St. Patrick's National Cathedral, being Representative Canon for the Diocese of Meath. In 1897 he was elected by the Bench of Bishops to the See of

Meath, and for twenty-two years ruled the Diocese, gaining the heart and affections of the people in a wonderful way.

While Rector of Navan he accomplished a great work for the Diocese in the organization of the Board of Education, of which he became Secretary. Very few are aware of the labour which this entailed, but we all know the thoroughness with which it was accomplished.

In matters of business the Bishop was remarkably alert, and he had the habit (by no means as common as it ought to be) of answering all letters with promptitude. When any subject was under discussion, he grasped the salient points at once. Partisans, however, did not always appreciate this quality, for the Bishop not only saw the arguments in favour of any step, but was also fully conscious of all that could be said on the other side. He was, therefore, never a party man.

The saintliness of his character is a subject too sacred to be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that he was a "living epistle, known and read of all men." His piety was childlike and sincere. His charity was that which "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Of his work as a Bishop we need only say that he gained the love and esteem of all who knew him.

His last illness was of short duration. For a few days he had been feeling poorly, but seemed well enough to travel, and on Friday the first of August, he arrived at St. Albans. In the railway station he was taken with violent pain, and was removed on Sunday to a nursing home. The same day an eminent surgeon from London visited him, and it was found that inflammation had caused internal paralysis. If strength could have been maintained for a couple of days longer, there was still hope of recovery, but such hope was not to be realized, and on Tuesday morning the good Bishop passed away. Kind friends were around him to the last, and his devoted wife scarcely left his bedside. The sympathy of the whole Diocese is given to her in this hour of her sorrow.

After his death the Bishop's remains were placed in the Abbey at St. Albans, and the Funeral Service was held on Friday. The Archdeacon of Meath was present to represent the Diocese. The Rev. R. S. Craig and the Rev. J. W. McGinley were also

present, and the Rev. H. de V. White, Warden of Wilson's Hospital, was among the chief mourners. The Sentences and Prayers were read by the Archdeacon. The Dean of St. Albans read the Lesson, and the Committal Prayer was pronounced by the Rev. Canon Streatfeild. The hymns, "Now the labourer's task is o'er," and "The Saints of God," were sung, and as the procession left the Cathedral the *Nunc Dimittis* was chanted. Thus all that was mortal of the dear Bishop was laid to rest, awaiting the Resurrection unto Eternal Life.

At the same time as the service at St. Albans, Memorial Services were held at Navan, Ardracran, Mullingar, and Clara. These were all largely attended.

The *Meath Diocesan Magazine* also has the following notice :

THE LATE BISHOP OF MEATH

October 19, 1919.

On the day when the Bishops met to choose an Archbishop of Dublin they were without the presence of the Most Rev. J. B. Keene, who had died suddenly in England. His loss was felt most by those who had experience of his wisdom and delightful personality. He had lived his life in comparative obscurity as far as the great majority of Churchmen were concerned, for he avoided publicity and was one of those who believed that in the quiet conscientious performance of his duty he could most benefit those entrusted to his care and serve his day and generation. Few outside the ranks of his friends knew the strength of his intellect and the sturdiness of his convictions. When once the barrier of reserve was broken and the man was discovered, he was found to be wise in council, clear in thought and able to shed light on hard problems, and to find a way for their solution in practice. He believed that in comradeship more than in leadership he could help the men with whom he worked, and his comradeship was marked by the unselfish bestowal of the best he had in co-operation with others for the advance of the Kingdom of God.

In Trinity College Dr. Keene won honour after honour, and he bore them all with a serenity that surprised his acquaintances. He never paraded his vast stores of learning, but when a man

spent an evening discussing in his library current theological and philosophical problems he was astonished by his wealth of knowledge and his ability to reach down a long-forgotten volume that shed light on the subject. Few minds were more richly stored with knowledge that could be made available at the right moment, and the kindliness of his temperament, and the utter absence of any sense of intellectual superiority made his visitor feel at home. This was universally the experience of all who consulted him, and his beautifully clear penmanship made it a pleasure to receive a letter from him. His unfailing humour lit up the dulllest of conversations, and his readiness to drive home a point with a delightful anecdote made him a companion to be desired. His simple trust in his Saviour and his love for the Church, whose premier Bishop he was, inspired many to a deeper realization of their spiritual privileges, and gave just that sympathy which they most needed.

Dr. Keene never gave the fruits of his research to the public, but that does not mean he failed to influence thought and public life. His modesty stood in the way of his challenging public attention either on platform or in print. But he gave his very best to the Church in its important Committees and to his own Diocese, in which he spent his entire clerical life after serving for two years as curate of St. Matthias', Dublin—that well-known nursery of Bishops. In that Diocese, co-extensive with the territory of the ancient kingdom of Meath before its conquest by the Normans, he knew every corner and was familiar with the special peculiarities of every parish. He was beloved wherever he went, and brought with him a geniality that was irresistible. In some respects the Diocese is unique, for it has no convenient centre, and Dublin has been found to be the place most accessible by all its clergy. During recent years Meath has suffered severely through the decrease of its Church population, and this brought with it problems that are now becoming acute.

It has in Meath possessed men of outstanding ability, and the name of Dr. Keene will long be remembered as that of a man who found in every parish true and loyal friends, who won for himself the personal loyalty of his clergy and the affection of the laity, and never spared himself when the call of duty came. He died when the Church needed his continued wise counsel, and the

Bishops looked to him for help and guidance. God has taken him to Himself, and his countless friends are the poorer for his absence from their midst. He was a true loving son of the Church and a humble whole-hearted follower of his Lord and Master. We pray that God may raise up many to follow him as he followed Christ, and by so doing to leave their mark upon the lives and hearts of many who find in the Saviour their Friend and Guide.

PART II

EXTRACTS FROM

SERMONS, ADDRESSES, ETC.

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I

EASTER

Colossians iii. 1: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

A POEM, by Victor Hugo, describes a bird resting on the topmost branch of a high tree. A storm comes on, and the violence of the wind threatens to break the branch on which it rests. Some one asks the bird, "Are you not afraid?"

To which the bird replies: "*No! I have wings; I have wings.*"

Well, in these days of storm and stress, when there is so much danger besetting us, at home and abroad—when nothing seems stable or settled—when there seems to be no resting-place on earth secure from the storms that threaten to break and scatter to the winds everything to which our human desire clings, the soul of man needs some resource, that will render it independent of all the tumults of earth; it wants wings, wings of faith, which will safely bear it up, even if all other supports fail.

And that is just what the Gospel of Jesus Christ supplies. It gives us messages, which if we only receive them and believe them with all our hearts, will give us wings of faith that can bear us up, no matter what earthly support fails.

What are the messages of the Gospel which can give us wings? They are the old messages of Good Friday, of Easter and of Whitsuntide.

The message of my text is the one which comes for Easter-tide, but which we should have in our hearts all the year round, for every Sunday ought to be to us a little Easter,

filled with Easter joy. The story of the Cross and the Resurrection contain better balm for human souls than any that human thought can devise. These give the soul wings.

St. Paul, who had gone through more trying experiences than most men, when lying in prison in Rome under the control of Nero, found it was so. He had as his highest aspiration "that I may know Him and the power of His Resurrection." If he could gain a perfect knowledge of Jesus Christ crucified and risen again, he would be happy, his greatest wish would be gratified. Let us follow in his steps. The Gospel of the Cross and Resurrection has the power of not only giving comfort to those in sorrow, but of uplifting the whole of life.

It is remarkable that one-third of the Gospels, which contain all that we know of our Saviour's life and work during the thirty-three years He spent on earth, is devoted to the events which occurred in the ten days or a fortnight which surrounded the Cross at Calvary and the empty tomb on the first Easter Morning. This shows the enormous importance attached to these events.

St. Paul could not imagine anything better than the complete realization of the meaning of the Cross and Resurrection, and they are still the most uplifting force for any human soul.

The death and resurrection of our Lord are commemorated not only on Good Friday and Easter Day, but all through the year. Every celebration of the Holy Communion is a commemoration of Christ's death upon the Cross for us, and every Sunday, every Lord's Day is a commemoration of our Lord's Resurrection from the dead and of His risen power, now made available for you and me. Sanctification has been defined as "our constant recognition of our union with Christ in His death and in His risen life." Have you learned this secret of a holy, useful life?

St. Paul's whole idea of the Christian life seemed to be union and identification with Christ in His death and in His risen life. A dying with Christ to sin, so that we should

be as irresponsive as a dead man to temptation, and rising with Christ to newness of life, so that we always respond to the upward call to God in Christ Jesus, through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Is this our ideal of the Christian life ?

Do we, the very least, understand or realize it ?

Without some knowledge of what it means I am sure St. Paul would never have esteemed anyone a real disciple or servant of Jesus Christ. This mystical union with Christ in His death and in His life is the very essence of the Christian religion. Are we thus united with Christ, through faith ? And is our union with Christ maintained by prayer and reading His Word and partaking of His Holy Sacrament ?

If we are living in union with Him, we need fear *nothing*, either life or death. The sting of death will be gone and the secret of the life that is life indeed will be found.

The Resurrection of Jesus thus not only holds out to us the hope of life in the world to come, and the gift of immortality, and Heaven, with all its bliss and promise of re-union with near and dear ones, through the grace of Jesus Christ, to which I have been referring ; but it gives us the secret of a true life here on earth, so that it will be spent worthily and to the honour and glory of God ; and it is to this uplifting of the whole of our present life, that my text specially calls us by its appeal.

(Text.) What a call upward my text is !

It tells us we must not rest contented with any low standard ; onward, upward, Heavenward must be our motto. It will be happiest for ourselves, best for our fellow-men, and most to the glory of God.

Higher standards of life are what the world sorely needs. It has been said that the greatest shock we shall get when we pass to the other side will be the vision of the state of our own souls, to find that even if we are saved, and are received into the Kingdom of Heaven, that we have been saved only as by fire, and that we are not better prepared for the Presence of God, and the pure and holy surroundings

of our Father's House. Even those who by the grace of God have been spiritually awakened, are not as alive to the upward call, as they ought to be.

To use an illustration. The coast line of what is known as the Riviera, where France and Italy border the Mediterranean, is peculiarly beautiful. The mountains run down to the sea, and each headland passed, opens up a new bay, possessing fresh charms. The road along the coast is called the Corniche : there is a point where two roads fork : one is the old road, and the other is the new. The new keeps low down, but is the easier to travel. The other is the Roman road, made two thousand years ago : it is solid, and has lasted through all these ages, but it is steep and difficult, and therefore, the throng passes along the new way ; but not without loss—for though it requires far greater exertion to ascend the higher road, it is far sublimer in its character and fascinates you more and more as you climb, and finally, at the top, enthralls you with one of the finest and most inspiring visions that you can imagine—the snowy Alps to the north, the blue waters of the Mediterranean to the south, and the sweep of the coast, in its infinite variety, east and west.

There are also other things besides the magnificent prospect, that reward you for the more strenuous exertion of the higher road. You are braced by the effort, you develop fresh power and capacity : you gain renewed life and vigour. The fresher air of the height, as well as the grander vision, rewards you, and makes you feel it was well worth while.

All which is a parable of the Christian life.

The words of my text are addressed to Christians, it is to such that it makes an appeal.

“ If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above.”

The choice set before you is, whether you will take the higher, or the lower path—the new or the old. I think a characteristic of modern Christianity has been a construction

of, and a preference for, a very easy road ; but it lies very low down.

The newly engineered way has been what we might call an accommodation road ; and it accommodates itself to circumstances ; but that was not the road that the Master trod—or His apostles, or the Saints or Martyrs ; they climbed the steep, but they were rewarded for their choice, for they saw visions of God in Christ, which inspired them, and made them inspiring. They breathed the higher air which invigorated them and made them invigorating to others.

Which is going to be our choice ? The present ease and comfort of the slacker, or the toil of the climber, who cannot rest content without seeing the glorious vision, and without placing his feet in the footprints of the Master ?

Again and again during your life you will have to decide between the higher and the lower road. The world, the flesh, and the devil will always try to allure you along the lower, but Jesus is beckoning to you to follow Him up the steeper, but nobler path. God grant you grace and strength always to make the worthier choice.

To multitudes, their regret for all eternity will be that they missed what they might have been, through not answering the upward call.

Oh ! listen then to the Easter message of Jesus, to each one of us, and “ seek those things which are above. . . . ”

THE WAYS

“ To every man there openeth
A way and ways and a way,
And the High Soul climbs the High way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro,
But to every man there openeth
A High way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his Soul shall go.”

The King's Highway.

JOHN OXENHAM.

II

ADVENT SUNDAY

St. Matthew xxiv. 42 : " Watch, therefore ; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

THERE is one motive for seeking to live a higher and more Christ-like life, which was very strong and powerful in the earlier days of the Church, but which has been very much forgotten by us, namely, the belief that Jesus Christ was to come again to this earth, and therefore, that His disciples should be always ready and prepared to meet Him.

If you study the subject, you will be surprised to find how much is said about it in the New Testament. It is referred to three hundred times ; and this Chapter, from which my text is taken, is full of it.

Many of the exhortations to diligence and zeal, and faithful discharge of duty, and to holiness of life and preparedness of soul, which we find in the New Testament, are based upon this expected Return of our Lord.

Here, and in many places, it is referred to especially as a motive for *watchfulness* (*Text*), and also, in the following Chapter in the parable of the Ten Virgins (v. 13) ; and our Lord holds out before the eyes of His disciples a motive for continual watchfulness that was of the most alluring kind. Not only would He always be with them in their life and work ; but further, He would one day appear again on the stage of this earth, in personal and visible manifestation.

But it is not merely given as a motive for watchfulness ; it is also given as a motive for *work*. When our Lord ascended into Heaven, He gave His disciples His great

Commission to be witnesses for Him in Jerusalem, Samaria, and to the uttermost part of the earth, the encouragement and stimulus given them by the Angels to go and witness was, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." . . .

"Why stand ye gazing?" "Go and witness" for Him. "Occupy till I come." . . .

The same stimulus was given for faithful *perseverance* in the Christian course. "Hold fast till I come" (Rev. ii. 25).

It is also the *comfort* offered to tried and sorrowful hearts; "comfort one another with these words" (1 Thess. iv. 18).

In the first Epistle of St. John, the very brightest hope of all is given in connexion with the coming of the Lord. Certainly it is the most exalting, and spiritually elevating promise to all who love the Lord.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, *but we know that when He shall appear*, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

To be made really like Christ when we see Him. What a promise for those who are His true disciples! Thus it is that a genuine belief in, and expectation of, the personal Return of our Lord and Saviour, has been the inspiration of the highest and holiest service that has ever been rendered to Christ by His disciples.

His coming again was, in fact, set forth by our Lord Himself and His Apostles, as the brightest hope of the Church, "The Blessed Hope," it is called. And it is still the joyous anticipation of many Christian souls, who, in the extraordinary happenings and convulsions of the political, social, moral and religious world, and especially in the deliverance of Jerusalem, believe they see the fulfilment of some of the signs which the Scriptures predict will precede the end of this age, and the coming of the Son of Man.

Through unwise and presumptuous definitions of time and seasons, this subject, alas! has often been treated in a

highly speculative manner ; but it is remarkable how, in Scripture, it is constantly applied to practical conduct, and spiritual advancement. In this way the subject may prove very profitable.

The particular lesson based upon it in my text is eminently practical. It is that of the need, on our part, of constant watchfulness (*Text*). In this Chapter much stress is laid on two things ; on the suddenness of the event, and on our ignorance as to the exact time of happening. In my text and in the parable of the Ten Virgins this ignorance as to the time is made a special motive for unremitting watchfulness, and the suddenness of the event is made a motive for a state of constant preparedness.

Two illustrations are given : One, from the operations of *nature*, " as the lightning cometh out of the east," etc. (Matt. xxiv. 27) ; and another from *history*, " As the days of Noah were, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be," etc. (Matt. xxiv. 37-40).

Such was the remarkable state in which our Lord left His Church, with regard to this great predicted event. He gave His disciples an assurance that He certainly would return ; and also, some signs that would precede His Return ; yet left them and us ignorant of any certain time, but declared that it would come very suddenly, and in such a manner that it would always be necessary that His Church, and every one of His people should be spiritually prepared for it, and that we should each be ready to meet our Lord at a moment's notice, even in the very midst of our daily business or pleasure.

Let us each ask ourselves this question. If Christ appeared to-day, and the course of this world's life and our own were suddenly arrested, and we had to stand at once in His Presence, how would it be with us ? Are you at peace with God ? Do you know Christ as your personal Saviour, and Lord and Master ? Are the means of grace for you real means of communion with Him ? When you approach the Holy Table and partake of the tokens of His Body and

Blood, are you, like the poor woman of old, touching the hem of His garment to the healing of your soul ?

The experiences of the last two years have shown us the possibility of a great event happening with great suddenness, and little expectation on our part.¹

Very few, in the whole kingdom, had the remotest anticipation of what was in store for us, even one fortnight before this terrible War broke out, yet it is proving to be the greatest upheaval the world has seen for centuries. Although there were a few wise men who read the signs of the times and foresaw what was coming, they were disregarded, and treated as evil-minded panic-mongers, crying in the wilderness. So we were unprepared, and only by a miracle of God's mercy, have been saved from an unspeakable catastrophe.

But in order to apply this subject to our daily life and spiritual state in the practical manner which our Saviour desired, let us ask what are the special dangers that beset us and call for watchfulness. Remember, the words are addressed by our Lord to His true disciples.

What dangers beset us ?

(1) There is the danger of letting our *opportunities slip*. Surely, this danger besets all our lives. Life is our day of opportunity: we pass this way but once. We cannot afford to make a foolish experiment of the gift of life entrusted to us, because we shall not be given the opportunity of repeating it, and changing what has been amiss in it.

Even if we have given our hearts to God and wish to serve Him, will not one of the great regrets of our life be, that we did not avail ourselves more fully of the manifold opportunities given to us ?

Have we not failed to use, as we ought, the opportunities of spiritual progress given to us, so that we have been living far below the standard Christ set for us to follow ? Have we not been slack in prayer ? In the fruitful employment

¹ First preached in 1916, during the Great European War—1914-1918.

of the ministries of God's Word and Sacrament? Have we been laying up treasure in Heaven? Have we used our opportunities for helping others? We are called upon to minister to them. Have we used the opportunities afforded us for promoting our Master's glory? Have we grasped the truth that the highest end set before every Christian is to live to the glory of God, to set Him first?

These are searching questions for us all to put to ourselves solemnly, in the presence of God.

There is, therefore, we see, great need for penitence and watchfulness, even on the part of the most devoted of Christians. For there are none of us who do not fall far short of what we might become, if we were only more watchful and used the grace that is made available for us in Christ, and is made possible through the indwelling of the Spirit of God, Who desires that we should be truly "temples of the Holy Ghost."

If we were as watchful as we ought to be, there would be no danger of any being found without oil in their lamps, no matter at what hour the cry might be heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

But, my dear friends, let me ask you the question: "Are you His true disciple? Have you surrendered your heart and life to Him? Do you know Him as your Saviour, your most tried and trusted Friend? He has come to you and offered to be all this to you. But have you received Him? I am sure most of you are familiar with Holman Hunt's picture, entitled "The Light of the World." Perhaps you have an engraving of it on your walls.

Well, at any rate, the picture represents our Lord standing outside a closed door, at which He is knocking. The ivy climbs round the portal. He holds a lantern in His hand, symbolical of His being "The Light of the World." Upon His head is a crown of thorns, and underneath the picture are the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

When Holman Hunt had completed the picture, he asked

an artist friend to come and see it, and make his criticisms.

When he had looked at it, he said : " You have omitted one thing : you have forgotten to put a handle on the door."

" Oh ! but," said Holman Hunt, " that is the *point* of the picture " (the inward meaning of it), " the handle of the door of the human heart is inside." It cannot be opened from the outside, Jesus stands and knocks, but He does not force Himself in : we must open the door ourselves and let Him in.

My dear friend, Jesus stands at the door of your heart. He knocks. He is knocking loudly now. If you have not already opened the door and let Him in, throw the door wide open, and welcome Him in. Ask Him to come in and sup with you, and abide in your heart, always, cleansing it from every stain of sin, and all that offends Him. Unless you have done so, you cannot be prepared to meet Him at His coming.

" Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace ;" and then you will be one of that blessed number who shall " love His appearing."

" Be ye as they that wait,
Always at the Bridegroom's Gate,
E'en though He tarry late
Watch, brethren—Watch."

III

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Preached April, 1917.

1 Samuel xxi. 8: "The King's business requireth haste."

MY text is taken from an incident in the history of Saul and David.

David came to Ahimelech, the priest, and said: "The King hath commanded me a business"; and then again, "The King's business requireth haste."

I shall not pause to refer to the incident as it concerned Saul or David; but I wish to point out the applicability of the words to the present time, in regard to the business of both our earthly and Heavenly King.

(Then the Bishop applies the text to the need of King and country, during the War then going on, 1914-1918, after which he continues:)

But it is of our Heavenly and not of our earthly King's business that I come to speak to you to-day. We have had much reason to thank God for the week of Penitence and Prayer, for it was a week of blessing to us all, both clergy and laity. Let us pray that its message may not be forgotten, but prove a living power in many hearts. We are encouraged by the hearty response made to that special appeal, to come back to God, or draw nearer to Him in prayer and consecration of life.

It proves, I think, that what has been happening has convinced us all that what our own lives want, what our homes want, and our parishes want, what the Church, nay, the

whole world wants, is the real establishment of the Kingdom of Christ everywhere.

We want Christ, and Christ in all His fullness, as both our Saviour and our King, not a half Christ, but a whole Christ, and we must yield Him not a half allegiance, but a whole allegiance. Have you yet given Him this from the bottom of your heart? Has not the attitude of many who profess and call themselves Christians, been at best that of a neutral?

Let us remember that in any conflict which concerns great issues, or the eternal principle of right and wrong, there can be no such thing as neutrality. When Gustavus Adolphus was engaged in the great struggle of the Thirty Years' War (which so greatly concerned the cause of the Reformation), he sent this message to the Elector of Brandenburg, Ancestor of the present Kaiser :

"Tell him," he said, "that he must proclaim himself my friend or my foe; there can be no neutrality in this war, for it is a battle between God and the Devil."

Is not that true of the struggle now proceeding in the world, between the powers of good and evil, and the Kingdom of Christ and Satan?

Are we then willing to be witnesses for God openly before men when opportunity arises? How many of us are keenly Christians, and out and out on His side?

David said to Ahimelech: "The King hath commanded me a business," and Christ, our King, hath commanded us a business, too. Hear His word of command: "All authority has been given unto me in Heaven and on earth, go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations," etc. (Matt. xxviii. 17-20).

That was His business, and if His business, it surely is now our business. And it is not only our *business*, but our *urgent* business. "The King's business requireth haste." And He repeated it, in another form, to the great world Evangelist, St. Paul, who when at his conversion, he asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" was appointed

a witness to the Gentiles; "to whom now I send thee" (Acts xxvi. 15-19).

It is a very real, a very great business. His word is "Occupy till I come." Literally, *trade*, do business till I come. He says to you, I have given you the wherewithal to trade with, the talents, the money, the power. I shall come back again, and you will have to account for the use you have made of all these talents and opportunities.

The work given to the Church by her Master is a very great business. He has given us all the means to carry it on, mentally and bodily; and His Presence and the Power of His Holy Spirit are the endowments and gifts bestowed upon the Church spiritually.

Are we fulfilling the stewardship committed to us?

To do this is the business of the King, and, therefore, of all the members of His Church now; your business and mine.

You are asked to-day to help the work of getting in the Harvest of the Mission Field. The field of the world spiritually requires all the processes of preparation that the material fields have to undergo. There must be the ploughing, harrowing, sowing, and watering, before the reaping can take place.

In many parts of the Mission Field much of the preparation work has been achieved, and reaping is what is now required.

Is the harvest to be lost simply for lack of reapers? That is really the critical question for the Church to-day. The Church Missionary Society is the greatest Missionary Organization that exists; for that I ask your help to-day.

Africa is a great field of opportunities. It is also a great battle-field, between the Empire of Christ and the Empire of Mohammed.

The natives are giving up their ancient degraded and cruel fetish worship, and are flocking to the standard of Christ or Mohammed. Upon our efforts, depends, under God, which side will win.

Every Mohammedan is a missionary for the religion of

the false prophet. Every Christian ought to be a missionary for Christ, his Master ; but, alas ! often is not.

Bishop Willis, of Uganda, who was our guest when he was over in Ireland, mentioned as an example of what is happening, that two heathen chiefs—brothers—came to him to beg for Christian teachers : they were so much in earnest, that they had themselves learnt to read the New Testament, in order that they might better support the teachers' efforts. The Bishop was only able to spare *one* teacher.

The consequence was that the Chief to whom this teacher was sent has brought his whole tribe under Christian instruction ; but the other brother for whom no teacher could be found, has adopted Mohammedanism, with all his people. The Bishop told us that the people are asking for something better than paganism, and that 5,000 Missionaries would be welcomed in Central Africa at the present time in untouched districts, and that each Missionary would have 14,000 people as his parishioners. Much work could be done by training native Missionaries.

Similar opportunities now exist on a vast scale in India and China ; and the position in China is most interesting and striking.

* * * * *

What are you and I doing to answer the call that comes to every Christian to win the world for Christ ?

“ The King hath commanded me a business,” and “ The King's business requireth haste.”

IV

WHIT-SUNDAY

Romans viii. 6 : " The Spirit is Life." ¹

WHAT a marvellous transformation has been wrought in the face of the country-side in the last couple of months ! We had a rather long winter, and spring was late in coming ; and the face of nature, a few months ago, looked dull, gloomy and depressing. But what a change we witness now ! It is a joy to traverse the country and drink in the sights and scenes spread before our eyes : and why ? What makes the difference ? It is because nature has passed from death to life and is all renewed in the abundance of life. It is a perfect mystery to us, but there is some magic power inherent in the seedling or plant or tree which is able to extract from the soil, or from the air or the moisture, the materials which it needs for the building up of its structure, an alchemy by which the colouring matter can be extracted and put in its proper place for the painting of the delicate flower, or the nutriment and sweetness obtained which go to manufacture luscious and refreshing fruit. Nature is now teeming with all these signs of life in an infinite variety—each giving some of itself after his own kind. It is all quite incomprehensible, but quite real, and very beautiful, and full of all sorts of promise.

The processes can be, and have been studied, and the investigation undertaken is constantly revealing fresh marvels and unexpected contrivances employed by the principle in operation—but the principle itself, the root energy, which we call life, remains inscrutable to the keenest human intellect.

¹ This Sermon was preached on Whit-Sunday, 1919—a few weeks before the Bishop's death.

Of that, we can only say, what St. Paul said to the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers on Mars Hill in Athens, God that made the world and all things therein. . . . He giveth to *all*, life and breath, and all things.

It ought to be a great satisfaction to know, therefore, that in the study of the processes of nature, we are upon the tracks of God, and can see something of His ways in their working—which in truth are as full of miracle and marvel as any wonder recorded in the pages of either Old or New Testament.

This physical life which science makes its special study, we share with the plants and the animals ; but it does not exhaust the resources of the word “ life ”—nor at all reach to the highest possibilities of its meaning.

My text reminds us of this—when it says, “ The Spirit is Life ! ” Man, in his possession of moral and spiritual life, can rise to a height or sink to a depth, of which neither plants nor animals, nor anything in the world but Man, can ever know.

Here lies his glory, and his failure.

It is to this truth of the supremacy of Spirit, that this day, *Whit-Sunday*, in the Church’s Year, calls our attention with trumpet call. Here, comes in the gift, we claim to-day, the promise of the Father, the Holy Spirit.

All life that we share and enjoy is the gift of God, but it is in the life of the Spirit that we can have a share in the very nature of God Himself, and climb to the grandest summit of which human nature is capable of attaining.

This gift of life in the highest sense was that great gift which Jesus Christ came to earth to bestow upon man. Let us, therefore, adopt, as a frequent prayer, the Ordination hymn, the only hymn in the Prayer Book :

“ Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.”

“Covet earnestly the best gifts,” the best gifts are the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

The most beautiful figure in Scripture of the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit, is found in the book of the prophet Ezekiel.

In the Vision which he had at the Temple of Jerusalem, he looked forth upon a scene that I have myself gazed upon. Eastward of the Temple, there is the deep valley of the Kedron, and then, at the other side lie wild, desolate regions, which extend from Jerusalem down to the Dead Sea. There is hardly a sign of life in that wilderness of mountain and valley. There is a small stream that gushes forth from the rock beneath the Temple, and which feeds the pool of Siloam ; but in the Vision of the prophet, this little source of water became augmented more and more and commenced to fill the bottom of the valley.

At first, it was but shallow, the water rose to the ankles—but then to the knees—and the water that came to the loins was deep enough to swim in, a river that could not be passed over, and on it flowed with ever-increasing copious supply through the desert regions, till it reached the sea—the Dead Sea—and wherever the water came, life came until a region of death became transformed into a land rich in every form of life, so much so, that even the waters of the Dead Sea were healed and teemed with fresh life.

St. John, in the Revelation, recalls the prophet's words, and gives us the interpretation of the Vision, when he saw a pure river of water of life, clear as a crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God, and of the Lamb. That river of life is the Spirit which proceedeth from the Father and the Son ; for the *Spirit* is *Life*.

Are you and I thirsty for Life, *more* life and *fuller* life—“the life that is life indeed” ?

There is no soul so dead, but the Spirit can quicken it into life, just as the waters in the Vision brought life and health, wherever they came.

Have you not seen the transforming power of the indwell-

ing, life-giving Spirit? I could tell you of men and women whose whole life was utterly changed by its power. I could tell you the story of a man who was feared by his fellows, and who was called "the king of drunkards and the king of brutes," being made a new creature through the power of God's spirit, so that he became a trusted leader, and the greatest power for good, amongst those whom he had once tempted to vice and iniquity. There are none who are beyond the power of the Spirit of God.

Do you know what His indwelling can be in the soul? Have you found in Him your Guide, your Comforter, your Friend, the Paraclete, the One, that is, whom you can always call to your side to help you in every hour of trial, temptation or difficulty? Do not try to live without seeking the gift of the Holy Ghost.

May the inflow and overflowing of that pure river of the water of life cleanse and renew our souls and fill them with a new power of life, to the glory of God, and for the service of men.

And He still is ready to give it to all His true disciples by the work of the third person of the blessed Trinity, the Holy Ghost, who is the Giver of Life.

And just as the physical life that has transformed Nature all round us, and made earth look so glorious, is an utter mystery, so is the life which God's Holy Spirit can set at work, in our hearts, equally mysterious in its operation.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goes, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The principle at work is inscrutable, but the result of its operation is manifest to all.

As the flowers and leafage and fruit that are visible to all of us in nature, leave us in no doubt as to the reality of the life that produces them, so it is in the spiritual world.

What more beautiful fruit could be manifested in human character, than those which the Holy Spirit produces—*Love, Joy, Peace!*

Love. Is not love to God and to one another the only thing that can ever remedy the root evils that are making the world such a difficult place to live in at present? We all want to have love in our hearts, and love in our homes; and love in our dealings with our fellow-men is the key to most of the problems that require solution.

Joy, too, is a genuine and beautiful fruit of God's Spirit. It is one that real religion should always produce.

I heard it said but the other day that in China, where Missions are successfully working, you could pick out the Christian men in the crowd by their bright and happy faces. This ought to be equally true of Christians at home.

Whatever your profession may be, you are a libel on Christianity if you do not manifest this fruit of the Spirit—joy—a *joy that springs from peace*, the Peace of God which passeth all understanding.

When St. Paul, out of his prison at Rome, could send as his message to his former congregation at Philippi the appeal, "Rejoice in the Lord always and, again I say rejoice," we ought to be able to give the witness of joy.

I shall not attempt to set forth all the manifold manifestations of life, in leafage, flower and fruit, which the operation of the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life, can produce in the life and character.

A study of the lives of the great and good men either in our own time, or in past generations, would best reveal the marvellous wealth of possibility of which the working of God's Holy Spirit is capable in the transformation of weak and sin-stained humanity.

When our Lord ascended into Heaven, He spread forth His hands towards His disciples in blessing; and the blessing He bestowed was the gift of the Holy Spirit.

It was the most beautiful and perfect gift he could have bestowed on His Church—and it was on the Day of Pentecost (which we commemorate at Whitsunide) that the Holy Spirit was shed forth with power.

The place where the Holy Spirit was then manifested

was the Upper Room where Christ kept the Passover, and where, at the last Supper, He distributed the Bread and Wine, the emblems of His Body given and Blood shed.

Have we received the Holy Spirit, the promise of the Father? Without Him we can do no good thing, and can think no good thought. But with Him, there is no limit to the ways in which God can make use of us.

We have asked for this gift to-day, and we have the assurance it will be given to all who want it, and ask for it in sincerity of heart. But we must *ask for it*; "ask and it shall be given." The gift is made *available*, but God never *forces* the gift upon us. He has provided the channels by which we can always receive it—the means of grace, prayer, public and private—the Word of God and the Holy Communion, the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood. These put you in touch with the source of supply. There is Power in abundance, available, but you must be in contact with it (*Illustration, the electric tram*).

If the connexion is broken, it is useless. The Devil's great object is to break the connexion, to make you give up the means of grace. *Give up Prayer. He knows he has you then.*¹

May He endue you with the Holy Spirit, enrich you, prosper you, and bring you to His Everlasting Kingdom.

¹ Part of this Sermon was preached by the Bishop, at Clara, June 29, 1919 (a month before his death), at the last Confirmation he took in his Diocese.

Before giving the last sentence, he very solemnly asked each candidate to take the verse beginning—

"Oh Jesu; I have promised
To serve Thee to the end," etc.

and plead it on their knees. We know of one instance in which this request was carried out.

BIBLE SOCIETY ADDRESS

SPEAKING as chairman on the occasion of the centenary of the Hibernian Bible Society, the Bishop, after a few preliminary remarks on the history of the Society, said :

There is one thought that cannot but fill our minds at such a gathering, and it is this—in these days there is a great deal of talk about the

REUNION OF THE CHURCHES,

and although some may think it but the “dreaming of dreams” and “the seeing of visions,” yet it is good to “dream dreams” and “see visions,” and think of the Golden Age, that the future may bring in the way of less of the present divisions which now arrest the progress of our common Christianity. We are, sometimes, fond of talking of the good old times, of the Golden Age, that once was. I believe in the very earliest writing that we have, written before the days of Abraham, there is to be found a lamentation on the degeneracy of the times. It may be that the good old times are gone, but let us remember that the good times are to come ; Christians are always to believe that the best times are yet to come, that there is a Golden Age in store for them ; for the Christian’s best is always on beyond. Let us then look forward, with joy and happiness, to the many good things that age will bring, when all differences will be at an end between Christians, who hold together in the great cause of Christ.

It is surely a happy thought that on the platform of the Bible Society all differences vanish, and that we can here

clasp hands in working together for the cause of Him, whom we all love. Bishop Westcott, a great scholar, and a devout Christian, has said that, "if the unity of Christendom was ever brought about, he thought it would be through the platform of the Bible Society."

* * * * *

It was a very remarkable celebration which characterized the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. That great Celebration showed that, despite our differences, there was sufficient unity and elasticity amongst us to enable not only all our denominations, but practically the whole world, to join together for a common purpose. There were representatives from all over the world: an Archbishop came from Sweden; and representatives from Denmark, Holland, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, the United States and South Africa. All over the world there was a celebration of Bible Sunday, and tens of thousands of preachers pointed out the unspeakable moral and spiritual blessings which have been poured out upon mankind, through the gift of the Scriptures. It was a magnificent tribute. Here was the whole world joined in the recognition of the gift that God has given to us, to show us the way in this life, and to lead us to a brighter life beyond.

The value of the Bible to the world has been incalculable. It has given us a mirror of ourselves. We can see, as we look into it, what we ourselves are, what our sins and failings are, what our wants are, and still more, we see in it, by what means these wants may be supplied—namely, the love of Christ. On every page of it, there is taught to us the great lesson that the spiritual is something more than the material, and that is just the lesson which the world wants to learn at the present time. . . . Let us remember that without the power of the Holy Spirit, all our efforts must be utterly fruitless. May this be the prayer of all our hearts, that the Holy Spirit of God may be poured forth with rich blessing upon our efforts.

Our Hibernian Bible Society is a sort of tributary of that great river, which has passed through all countries and refreshed all lands in the civilized world. That river flowed out of Ireland in early days in great abundance, and went all over Europe in a rich fertilizing stream.

Only two or three days ago, I was looking at *two copies of the Scriptures written by Irish hands*, and I am proud to think within the limits of my own Diocese. One of them is 1,300 years old; the other 1,200. One of them is the most beautiful book in the world, and it touches our imagination to think that King John, when he came to Ireland, looked upon that book, just as we do, and expressed his great admiration of it! I allude, of course, to the book of Kells, and the book of Durron.

With regard to the work, we have sent forth from Ireland, in recent times, Missionaries with the Word of God in their hands to many parts of the Mission Field with great success, especially to Uganda. . . . I trust that in this new century our efforts may be followed with a like blessing and a like success. We have done well for our own country, but we want the river which has been flowing through our own land to go further, and enrich those who are in distant lands.

We have heard often of the "Yellow Peril," and we remember Sir Robert Hart's words, that "the best cure of all for the 'Yellow Peril' is the conversion of the Chinese to Christ." . . .

Also it is in the Missionaries to the women and to the children of China, and of every other country, that our greatest hope of success must rest, in the work of bringing the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ into the homes of the people.

I desire, in conclusion, to join in wishing a hearty God-speed to this society in the coming century.

Before the Parochial Mission held in Meath, in 1908, the Bishop addressed the following letter to his people:

DIOCESE OF MEATH
PAROCHIAL MISSION

BISHOPSCOURT,
NAVAN,
January 1, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

You have, doubtless, heard already that it is proposed to hold a Parochial Mission this year in suitably situated centres throughout the Diocese.

Although in the country we cannot have the numbers which kindle special enthusiasm in larger centres, Missions that have been held in Dioceses circumstanced like our own have I know been found most helpful. I therefore cordially commend this special effort to your prayerful sympathy and co-operation.

I believe I express your feeling as well as my own when I say that in the absorbing pursuit of our business or our pleasure we only too easily fall away from those high standards of Christian life, to which in our Baptism and Confirmation—and I hope also by our deliberate personal choice—we have become solemnly pledged.

The necessity for the ministry of Conversion has been exaggerated by some. In avoiding that danger, we have, I fear, fallen into a greater one, and lost sight of its often much-needed instrumentality in bringing the soul into a nearer relation to God.

It has a meaning not only for those who are living in open sin, but also for all who have become lukewarm, and who, through falling short of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, have lost the joy and the inspiration as well as the power of real religion.

The special call that a Mission addresses to us will, I trust, arouse us all to better things. I trust it will help to awaken the careless and the backslider to a sense of their sin and danger, and stir up many faithful souls to a more whole-

hearted service for Christ, and a greater zeal for the increase of His kingdom.

I therefore earnestly invite you to take your part in preparation for the coming Mission. The best help you can give is by prayer. If we learn through it to pray more and pray better, the Mission will not have been held in vain. Pray for the Mission Preacher, who is to visit you, that he may be enabled to deliver the message suited to the needs of each. He will not have any new or sensational Gospel to preach to you; but a fresh voice may help to a fresh grasp of old truths.

Above all, I trust that the Mission may have the practical effect of leading us to undertake some definite service for Christ and our fellow-men. Thus alone can we show our thankfulness to God for His many mercies, both temporal and spiritual, so freely bestowed upon us.

Your faithful friend and Bishop,
J. B. MEATH.

After speaking to a meeting of young women, chiefly members of the G.F.S. and Y.W.C.A., in February, 1908, the Bishop addressed the following letter to them, urging upon them the importance of witnessing for God by their life and service:

BISHOPSCOURT,
NAVAN,
February 12, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

When I saw so many members and friends of the Girls' Friendly Society and Young Women's Christian Association gathered together yesterday, I realized how much it would mean for yourselves and others around you if you were all heart and soul thoroughly banded together in the holy cause which these societies specially represent, namely, that of women's influence for Christ in the world. I thought, therefore, I should like to send you, with my best wishes and prayers, a line in memory of your first meeting for the

year, in which I could again press home upon you how much Christ needs you and how much He has for you to do.

Some time ago a deputation was sent from a heathen land to England to investigate into the Christian religion, and to report upon its suitability for adoption in the Far East. The report brought back was to the effect that the Christian religion seemed to be the best in the world, but that the people generally in these countries did not follow it.

We must, I fear, confess that there has been too much reason for their conclusion. Although all who live in these lands have, consciously or unconsciously, received many blessings through the coming of Jesus Christ, we professing Christians are not witnessing for Him as we ought to do. It is a great reproach, and you and I, my dear friends, share the responsibility of trying to wipe it away.

I spoke to you yesterday of two witnesses for Christ—that of His Holy Spirit within men's hearts, and that of the personal witness of His disciples in the world (John xv. 26, 27 ; Acts i. 8). We must seek the first of these supremely and first of all, for without it the second is impossible. Pray, then, that God's Holy Spirit may bear witness to Christ in your heart, revealing Him to you as your Saviour in all the riches of His grace and of His redeeming love, so that His power may become a living reality to you, that thus tasting of His salvation you may manifest in your life the joy and the strength that the religion of Jesus alone can bring.

To all who have had that happy experience comes the call for personal witness. I should greatly wish, my dear friends, to have an assurance that *you* had personally resolved, with God's help, to witness more clearly for Christ in the future than you have ever done in the past. Accept this as an earnest appeal to you to never be ashamed to confess Christ and be on His side.

But you will ask me, "How can I bear witness for Him?" The best witness you can bear for Him is to seek to become more like Him. Your character, what you really are, is

a witness that can never be hid. His Holy Spirit can change your heart (Ps. li. 10). If through His grace you gain victory over your evil tempers and passions, and manifest in your life those graces which are the fruit of the Spirit, you will necessarily, though perhaps quite unconsciously, witness mightily for Him.

Women have a special opportunity of bearing witness for Christ *at home*. The character of a nation depends upon what its homes are, and yours is the chief influence in the home : seek to make your home sweet and pure and bright, and full of the tokens of divine and human love, and you will bear great witness for Christ, and be the means of saving from many a snare, those who are nearest and dearest to you.

You can bear witness to Christ by fulfilling the ordinary duties of your life as thoroughly and as well as ever you can. Never say, "It does not matter." This is a special weakness in the Irish character, therefore be very strict with yourself. Cultivate all your powers, not in order to foster pride and vanity, but in order to serve your day and generation well. Consecrate all your gifts to God's glory. Engage your mind with good and great interests and not with injurious and idle gossip. This will save you from many temptations (Phil. iv. 8). Unoccupied moments form the Devil's opportunity. All that is best in art, in science, and in literature ; all that is pure and beautiful and true may become the handmaid of Christ's religion.

Bear witness to Christ by asking Him to make great use of you. Christ, the Head of the Church, is in Heaven ; we, the members of His Body, are His representatives on earth. He has entrusted to us the fulfilment of His will. Your hands, your feet, your faculties, your possessions, your time are to be instruments ready for His service. Where any, through trial or temptation, need succour and sympathy act towards them as He would have you act. Think the best and not the worst of people. They will tend to become what you expect them to be. Christ draws you to Himself

by His love ; you can draw others towards Him by yours.

Bear witness to Christ by Prayer. Intercede for others and you will win blessing for yourself and them. By praying for them, you will gain the right attitude of mind towards them and find fresh ways of helping them.

Make faithful and constant use of the means of grace. In doing so you will be bearing silent witness for Christ and also nourishing your own spiritual life.

The vows of God are upon you. Renew them solemnly at the foot of the Cross. When next you approach the Table of the Lord, offer yourself afresh to Him as a living sacrifice, and keep nothing back. Oh ! do we not owe Him a thankoffering for His countless mercies to us ? (Ps. cxvi. 12-14.) Let me ask you, then, to kneel down and say :

“ O Lord Jesu Christ, I desire to dedicate myself afresh to Thy service. Forgive my past failures and lukewarmness. Help me to bear better witness for Thee in the world, in my home, in society, in my business, and in my pleasure. Enable me by Thy Holy Spirit to overcome my besetting sins and to live a pure and godly life, so that I hinder not any by any carelessness or inconsistency of conduct. Use me for Thy service and make me willing and obedient. Help me to think kind thoughts of others, and to be loving and unselfish towards all men. Prosper the work of the Societies established in this parish for the increase of Thy kingdom. Be with the members that are scattered abroad over the world. Deliver them in time of danger and temptation, and comfort and strengthen them in the hour of trial : Lord, hear my prayer, and bring me at last to Thine everlasting kingdom for Thine own dear name's sake. Amen.”

Trusting that you will join earnestly with me in this prayer,

I remain ever,

Your faithful friend in Christ Jesus,

J. B. MEATH.

The following are two Synod Addresses delivered at the Synod Hall, Dublin, October, 1915, and October, 1917.

I

October 29, 1915.

THE sixteenth Synod of the Diocese of Meath was held yesterday in the Synod Hall, Christchurch Place ; The Most Rev. Dr. Keene, Bishop of the Diocese, presided.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The President, in the course of his address, said—Since our last Synod we have lost one of our clergy, and one who was well-beloved of his people in both the parishes where he served. The Rev. L. H. Macnamara during the short period of his charge of the parish of Athlone administered its affairs with much success. His cultured thought and great power of sympathy and understanding contributed to his influence. The remarkable degree in which he had gained the warm esteem of his parishioners and fellow-townsmen was strikingly manifested by testimony given on the occasion of his early and unexpected death. Reference to loss in our ranks recalls losses which the Church in general has recently sustained in the withdrawal from her service of two of her most influential prelates. Our Diocese had the advantage of the supervision of Archbishop Peacocke for the three years that preceded his translation to Dublin. He ever set before his clergy the same high standard of duty that he had strenuously imposed upon himself. His intimate acquaintance with the work and needs of important parishes made him a wise and sympathetic counsellor in difficult cases, while his strong common sense, his consistent life, and lofty Christian ideals made an impression on the Dioceses over which he presided that cannot soon pass away. May God grant him the consolation and refreshment of His realized presence in his days of retirement. Through the death of the Bishop of Kilmore, whose Diocese bordered on our own, the Church of Ireland has lost one of her most devoted sons. His presence will be greatly missed

at our Synods and Councils ; he was so fearless and independent in his advocacy of his always strong convictions. Like Valiant for the Truth in Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress," he was a doughty champion of the truth, and wielded a sword which Greatheart might well have styled " a right Jerusalem blade." He has left large legacies to the Church. If he could also leave her the legacy of his ardent enthusiasm and willing self-sacrifice there would be little to fear for our Church's future.

Notwithstanding the reduction that has taken place in our wealth and numbers, deficits would not exist to any serious degree if the spirit of self-sacrifice possessed our people. How many of us can honestly say that our gifts for the glory of God and the good of His Church amount to a sacrifice at all, or exhibit the real spirit of the Cross, the sacred sign of our redemption. The war has called forth from many this spirit to the help of their country. Not a few have borne the Cross who never bore it before. Perhaps it may appear more in evidence in future, too, in the war for the Kingdom of God. It is very necessary that the lesson should be learnt by every one of us. Can we hope that a moral and spiritual renewal of the nation will be the outcome of this present war? Shall we become more Christian than we have been? We ought to become so, for, if we have not seen what the decay of Christian life in ourselves must lead to, we have seen what it has led to in Germany. We could not at first believe that these high priests of Culture could do the things they have done—it seemed impossible, and inconsistent with their assumed high principles. But the horror of it all is that Germany has not acted inconsistently. We have known men who have called themselves atheists, and yet they lived as if they were Christians. They were, fortunately, illogical, and never escaped from the influence of those beliefs in which their minds had been steeped from infancy. But the Germans have not been so. They are scientific, and have, with characteristic thoroughness, carried out to their logical conclusion the materialistic principles which their philosophers have taught them. If the only deity they are bound to worship be a god of brute force, destitute of all moral attributes, why should any moral considerations restrain their actions? Why should not treaties be regarded as mere " scraps of paper " ? Why should not ocean steamers, with their freight of innocent life, be sunk,

if it gratify the spirit of the beast in them to do so? If the materialistic Gospel be true, what else is man but a beast of prey of a more intellectual type. It required the knife of war to reveal the cancerous disease of anti-Christian ethics which has been destroying the soul of Germany, and which has brought this blight upon the world. Let us thank German thoroughness for this at least, that it has allowed us to see clearly the moral abyss towards which half the world has been drifting under the admired leadership of German culture. An illuminating article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* shows, what will come as a surprise to many, that this cancer of materialistic ethics has not only brought a blight upon the life of Europe, but upon Germany's own social and civic life. The national sins of England are great, but the crime of Germany is appalling. For every murderous assault in England there are 140 in Germany: for every case of malicious injury in England there are 75 in Germany, and of the grosser sins of the flesh there are 43 in Germany for every one in England. A further sign of moral degeneracy is that in the highest as well as lowest ranks of society conversation is encouraged which a sense of religion and decency would, thank God, utterly forbid amongst us. Surely it is well for us to see Satan thus stripped of his disguise as an angel of light, and to be brought face to face with that soulless monster of Frankenstein which the brain of the German philosopher and the Prussian militarist has conjured up. It is better to see what the powers of evil are against which we have to contend. May the vision of the kingdom of darkness fire our hearts with a longing for the establishment of the kingdom of light. Let us resolve, God helping us, to enthrone in our own hearts and homes Him who still stands alone as the one true Light of the world. Christ must be made the King of men, and our own King first of all. That surely stands out as the golden resolve. The revelations of the past year are to my mind a demonstration of the insufficiency of mere intellectualism as a solvent of the riddle of the universe or the practical problems of life. Modern psychology agrees with the Faith of Christ in teaching us that there are higher elements in human life than pure reason. The demonstration has been completed by the *reductio ad absurdum* which the consequences of the opposite view have established. Christ our King calls us to

follow Him, and His is the first claim upon all our service. But next to His claim upon us comes that of our liege monarch—His Gracious Majesty, King George. He has appealed to us this week. He asks for more men to serve under the flag. What response has our Diocese made to the call for service? I believe the standard of requirement for the nation has been not less than one in fifteen of the population. According to the return made at the beginning of last May about one in twenty had offered themselves—more have done so since then. Our Diocese, like other agricultural districts, has fallen somewhat short; but we have at least given of our very best. It is those who seem irreplaceable, those who in character and influence have been a great asset to our Church and country that have most freely offered their service. Not a few have given all they had to give and have laid down their lives. Concerning some who have been particularly precious we are left in suspense. I shall not harrow hearts by mentioning names. Some dying “poured out the red sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be of work and joy and that un hoped serene that men call age.” We have confided them to God, and believe they are safe in His holy keeping. We believe our Lord smiled upon our brave fellows who made the great sacrifice. We like to think of some of them praising Him as they entered the battlefield singing—

“O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.”

Our Diocese has not been slack in responding to other calls of King and country—in contributing to the numerous War Funds and rendering personal service of various kinds. The women of the Church have risen to every demand made upon them. We may well be proud of our nation and Empire when we recall to mind the marvellous efforts that have been put forth since the day when the war found us so little prepared. Our feelings alternate between pride in what some have so nobly done and shame for those who have proved wholly unworthy of their self-sacrifice. Some were sanguine that with the coming of democracy would return the golden age:

“When none were for the party
And all were for the State,
And the great men helped the poor,
And the poor men loved the great.”

But they have been doomed to disappointment. When we recall the unpatriotic strikes and strikers and the profiteers and the deeds that have disgraced us in the eyes of our Allies, we begin to doubt whether the new masters of the country are fit to be entrusted with the affairs of a great nation. Did not the spectacle that this year disclosed rather go to prove that

All are for the party
And none are for the State,

and that there is no known alchemy by which golden results can be got out of leaden motives? We cannot but feel especially ashamed of the poor response made to the King's appeal for the suppression of the vice of intemperance, which was wellnigh proving the overthrow of the Empire. I hope many here present followed the King's example—I hope you were at least incited to do so in our churches. At a time when every penny should be economized, or wisely expended, it is simply appalling to learn that during the first six months of 1915 the expenditure on strong drink was £8,000,000 more than in the same period of 1914, and that the consumption of spirits was 25 per cent. more in March of this year than in March of last year. As so many men are out of the country, this increase must be largely due to the increased drinking of women. Great Britain and Ireland are almost the only countries where women drunkards are ever to be seen. The Mayors and Magistrates of Ireland, and of the chief towns in our own Diocese, declare that the war allowances are becoming a perfect curse to the country. We are sure there are many homes that could tell a very different story, but the awful waste of this money which is raised by heavy taxation, and which is only increasing vice, demands drastic remedy. The state of bankruptcy into which half the world seems drifting through war renders both national and personal expenditure a great responsibility. Strong as England is, the fact that our imports exceed our exports at the rate of 400 millions a year shows danger ahead. It is a clear call to patronize home rather than foreign goods. We are earnestly implored to

avoid waste and abandon luxury, but I think some guidance as to what is waste and what is luxury is to be desired. A luxury has been defined to be "any pleasure or possession by which bodily, mental, or moral health is not served." It is a delusion to think that to lead an idle, costly, voluptuous life, disperses benefits to the poor and to the country. Expenditure on unnecessary luxuries increases the price of articles of necessity, and so makes the struggle for the poor harder. The whole question of the stewardship of money is so important that I think it may prove helpful to give the following resolutions which were adopted by a number of London well-to-do men who attended a mission especially intended for them. It was before the war, and stricter rules would serve better now, but I give them as I have them—

(1) I, a baptized member of the Church of Christ, recognizing the simple petition of the Lord's Prayer for daily bread, renounce for myself luxury, extravagance, waste and display.

(2) I hold my property as a trust from God, and in my outlay I will endeavour to avoid unproductive expenditure for purposes of pride, vanity, or self-indulgence, which use up labour for barren ends and leave behind no abiding good ; but I shall favour productive expenditure for purposes of health, religion, education, art and national honour, and so direct labour along fruitful channels for its permanent welfare.

(3) I believe idleness to be a sin, and avow that God has sent me into the world to do some definite work for Him and for my brethren.

(4) I shall support all such manly pastimes and amusements as can bring joy and renewal to the toiling lives of the people.¹

¹ The last part of this Address is missing.

II

October 27, 1917.

THE third session of the sixteenth Synod of the Diocese of Meath was held yesterday in the Synod Hall, Dublin. The Bishop of Meath (the Most Rev. J. B. Keene, D.D.) presided, and in the course of his address, said :

. . . It was pleasant to find that the contributions to Missions and charities showed an increase in both divisions of the Diocese. There was an extra Diocesan claim to which he wished they could make a better response, and that was St. Patrick's Cathedral. He thought many of the members of the Synod might regard it as a privilege to have some small share in maintaining the services in that ancient and national Cathedral. A very gratifying response had been made by the Diocese to the various calls in war time for the services of King and country. The sick and wounded in the Diocese had received help from almost every parish, and admirable accommodation for convalescent soldiers had been provided at Balrath and Bloomfield, and for convalescent officers at Tudenham Park. The needs of the Leinster Regiment and the prisoners of war had also been bountifully supplied. He specially commended to the sympathy of the Synod the present appeal for the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance.

QUICKSANDS OF TREACHERY

Having referred to the sacrifice of noble manhood offered on the sacred altar of God, the President said that one question, impossible to answer, was ever occupying their minds—when would that holocaust cease? We had hoped, he said, that next Christmas the church bells would chime out with a new and delightful meaning the message of peace on earth and goodwill to men. The débâcle of a revolutionary Russia has postponed the day, but it is surely coming. We long for the time when the

Temple of Peace which has been finely visualized may rise in fair design to the creation of a larger brotherhood of mankind, but its foundation, to be of any value, must be laid on a bed of rock, and not of sand, and for the moment there seems no foundation but that of sand to build upon. The fresh revelations of Germany's sinister designs against every land which gave her hospitality, now coming to light, reveal how utterly she has destroyed the only foundations upon which peace and confidence, between either men or nations, can safely repose. After such a revelation an attempt to build on the quicksands of her treachery and corruption would be supreme folly.

It stands more to the credit of England's charity than to that of her intelligence that, notwithstanding many warnings, she remained so long trustful and blind to her sinister designs. It may interest you to know that more than a year before the declaration of war some Arab sheikhs showed a missionary friend of mine in Palestine their sealed orders from Constantinople for mobilization, and they foretold events since come to pass. Yet for months after the declaration England imagined that Turkey would come in on her side. Our country has suffered heavily from the ignorance that was due to the policy of a splendid isolation.

SELFISH AND IMPRACTICABLE POLICY

But what of the prospect of peace nearer home? The veil of silence still hangs over the Convention—yet it must count for good for all time that so representative a gathering of Irishmen should have so frankly exchanged views with apparently little, if any, bitterness of feeling. Let us continue to pray that their deliberations may tend to the establishment of peace and good government in our distracted country. We are told that the alternative is the abyss of chaos and anarchy. Is that then what the rest of Ireland really stands for? We want some clearer indication of its real aims than have yet been given. On a recent visit to England I found there existed a general desire for the appeasement of Ireland, but a general perplexity as to what Ireland really wants. When questioned as to the aims and significance of the name of the popular movement it was humiliating to have to confess that thinking of "Ourselves Alone" was the dominant policy of Ireland when almost

every country but Ireland was plunged in suffering and in tears. Escape from conscription and taxation and exemption from paying a share of the price that must be paid in order to secure the liberties of the world do not appear very lofty motives for a land that boasted her love of liberty.

"Ourselves Alone" is not only too selfish, but too impracticable a policy for any country to adopt, now that all countries are by economic needs being welded into one, and when the only possible hope for future peace and prosperity lies in the brotherhood of mutual helpfulness and the federation of the world. It is not in detachment and isolation that salvation can be found. I am fully aware, and I took care to explain, that the party motto admitted of another interpretation which doubtless attracted the higher type of patriot—that for such the name stands for the cultivation of the spirit of self-reliance, and for a refusal to be continually suppliants for favour and help from outside, and for a revolt from the miserable intrigues of cliques and parties and from a narrow spirit of intolerance. That, for such, it gave expression to a desire for a larger and more inclusive sense of brotherhood, and to a determination to make the best of ourselves by developing the industrial, intellectual, and spiritual resources of Ireland to the highest point.

YOUTH TO THE SHAMBLES

Are not these the ideals for which every true-hearted Irishman, of whatever creed or class, should strive and pray? If they represent the real soul of Ireland, cannot we all concentrate upon them? Must brother shed the blood of brother in order to attain them? Is the youth of Ireland to be led to the shambles in the struggle after utterly impossible ideals? "God save Ireland at this time of the parting of the ways; save her from false visionary leadership, and save her, too, from the taint and suspicion of being contaminated by the iniquitous machinations of German intrigue and German gold." How inconsistent with the party cry was any such reliance, and how degrading it was that Ireland should trust a people who had expressed utter contempt for her character.

The high expectations entertained by Ireland as to the results to be produced by a change of government were pathetic; for no change of form of government would of itself ever suffice

to heal the sores of any country, were it Russia or were it Ireland. In the drama of the Russian Revolution they had seen the exposure of the vices inherent in autocracy succeeded by the exposure of the vices inherent in democracy. Without a moral regeneration no nation ever became truly great. Would the experiences of the war tend to effect such a result? The war had laid bare the souls of many nations, as it had also laid bare the souls of many individuals. It had, at least, brought home to the hearts of thousands the importance of the eternal elemental realities. Heaven and hell seemed more real—the power of God and the power of the Devil being made more manifest. The obliteration of the distinctions between right and wrong, and good and evil, which was proceeding under the influences of materialism and worldliness, had been in some degree arrested. The old themes of sin and salvation, of repentance and faith, of the call to prayer and the call to service, had become more welcome, and the Cross had become radiant with new light and hope. It was those simple themes that appealed most strongly to human hearts, and laid the surest foundations for a character that could stand the fiery trial still with them. Would the Church have the power to bring home those messages of the time to her people in their often isolated positions? She would have to keep very near to God if she was to do so adequately, for all were called to be “world-builders” in the new age that was coming. Might they be enabled to build truly and build upon the great rock foundation. “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, even Jesus Christ.”

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